That Interview with Castro *Jean Daniel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Seeds of Doubt

Questions about the Assassination

The Word of Christine

Giles Playfair

Toys, Boys, Christmas

William H. Honan

Johnson's Helper

Murray Kempton

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Familiar Faces

★ Lyndon Johnson and Henry Cabot Lodge . . . where have we heard those names before? Why, to be sure, in the Vice Presidential campaigns of 1960; surely two of the most entertaining political shows in history. Lodge didn't believe in campaigning very hard and reporters found that he only had one speech. He made the same speech everywhere, tall, elegant, urbane, and catnip to middle-aged women. Reporters didn't know what to do with that one speech at first but finally settled by emphasizing a different paragraph each night. In a moment of unaccustomed and inexplicable enthusiasm Lodge suggested that Mr. Nixon, if elected, would name a Negro to his Cabinet; after that Lodge appeared even less conspicuously.

Maybe Lodge will emerge again now with the backing of General Eisenhower – who is theoretically neutral but is more neutral to some than to others. (Picking Lodge seems like a slap at Nixon.) But somehow reporters can't feel that Lodge has that overweening consuming ambition which seems so necessary for success in the kind of a Republican dogfight now developing.

The Lyndon Johnson trip on the "Cornpone Special" even after three years seems unbelievable; did it really happen? It started with about 30 reporters from Culpepper, Va., and the loudspeakers played *The Yellow Rose of Texas* for a solid week, and Johnson uttered that immortal phrase on his very first day as the train pulled away, throwing his long arm wide and bellowing back – "What has Richard Nixon ever done for Culpepper?"

He repeated the question with variations right through the South, down to New Orleans; it was folksy, it was corny, it was incredible, and it was highly effective. "When Jack Kennedy's brother went to his death on his final war mission," Johnson cried out, "Uncle Sam didn't ask him whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant," and bigots hung their heads. Then the line, "What has Richard Nixon ever done for Jonesville?" – and *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. Often the retreating crowd also heard a comment not in the book; Lyndon's final, exasperated bark, "Turn off that music!"

The Dallas Story

★ We expect the Dallas jury will find Jack Ruby "not guilty by reason of insanity," and we think we can guarantee a disgusting spectacle, fascinating but obscene, in which the nation must wallow. The strip-tease proprietor and small-time operator who calls himself "the avenger of President Kennedy" will be defended by Melvin Belli, flamboyant San Francisco lawyer, who has arrived in cowboy boots and fur-collared overcoat and wants the trial televised. They don't normally execute people in Texas who go insane and shoot somebody; Ruby should be a fine property for years to come. Maybe Dallas will elect him mayor. How Dean Swift would enjoy narrating the story.

What we really wish the Warren Commission would find out is where unemployed salesman, 26-year-old Bernard Weissman of Mount Vernon, N.Y., got the $1,464 with which he inserted a full-page hate advertisement in the *Dallas Morning News* on the day of the assassination. Headed "Welcome Mr. Kennedy," it asked 11 questions impugning the President's loyalty and in effect inciting to violence. There are few other cities, and few other newspapers, we believe, in America, that would accept cash like that, no questions asked, and run it to greet a President. Who put up the money? Did the *Dallas News* itself contribute?

Those on the Bottom

★ Joblessness has jumped to 5.9 percent; it has been over 5 percent for every month of the past six years. This is the season when annual business estimates are made. They will be glowing this year; read the financial pages and see. The stock market is booming. The voiceless bottom fifth of the population, the underclass, is not doing too well but we on top are doing fine. Prices are stable, profits are high, and there are plenty of unemployed which keeps wages down. We should all remember how lucky we are.

Merry Christmas

★ Let's finish on a happier note. Christmas means to TRB, let's face it, a large, undecided woman, blocking the narrow aisle of a crowded department store, to the distant sound of *Jingle Bells*. On the other hand, Susie needed a new hat, so there we were – the little old woman hanging on our arm, unloosed in the nippy air of a shopping plaza; carols playing, stores decorated, and everyone moving nimbly about with that special look in their eye copyrighted by Charles Dickens.

The police guard was extra kind; when we asked for a hat shop several extra kind women (total strangers) led the way, and Susie's mere appearance inside caused a flutter.

No use to deprecate. "We want a cheap hat," we announced starkly.

Everybody in the store, salesgirls and customers, took a step nearer. In her chair, Susie looked helpless and pleading as the gray-haired woman began trying them on. "Something bright," we demanded; "Christmasy." The woman thought and people edged nearer. Her eye lit up. "Here's one in cranberry," she said, "with a bit of veil."

There is a bit of showman, we suppose, in all of us. "Susie," we exclaimed loudly, "it's wonderful. In that hat you don't look a day over 90!" At this, mercantilism simply collapsed; shoppers and sales force gathered round, cooing audibly. The shrewd saleswoman pretended to offer a couple of other hats and we all waited breathless. "I want that one, the red one!" said Susie emphatically.

We wore it out proudly, and bless me, the sorry old world outside really *did* look a bit sweeter and nicer.

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Presidential Succession

The law of Presidential succession in the absence of a constitutional Vice President needs revision and it needs it badly and quickly. So we noted in these columns last week. Simultaneously and since, numerous other voices have also been raised in favor of revision of one sort or another, and one voice – that of Speaker John McCormack himself, the successor designated by present law – was raised in favor of the status quo.

General Eisenhower has advocated a return to the pre-1947 line of succession – the Cabinet in order of seniority, State, Treasury, Defense, Attorney General and so forth. This argument stresses the need for continuity in executive policy, which is in some measure desirable. Yet we do not stress continuity all that much in the selection of Vice Presidential candidates, who often represent a different wing of the party from that of Presidential nominees. And the degree in which the Cabinet line of succession would ensure continuity is easily overestimated. A Secretary of State may even formally be a member of a different party than the President, as the present Secretary of Defense and of the Treasury are. Presidents ought to remain uninhibited in seeking Cabinet officers, without regard to party affiliation, and also, incidentally, without regard to considerations of "availability" for the highest office. And so the disadvantages of running the line of succession through officials who ought often to be specialists, and who are in any event quite divorced from the electoral process – these disadvantages continue to loom large.

In the *Washington Post*, Mr. Lucius Wilmerding, Jr., addressed himself to the problem by splitting a few Constitutional hairs in precisely the manner that at once amuses and pains Europeans when they contemplate the excessive legalisms which seem to engulf our political life. Congress, the Constitution says, shall declare what "officer" is to act as President if a Vice President who has succeeded to the Presidency is then himself disabled. Under the 1947 statute, the Speaker is the officer so designated, but the statute, reasonably enough, requires him to resign from the House before he takes over the Presidency. Aha! Then, says Mr. Wilmerding, he is no longer an "officer," having resigned. Hence he cannot be constitutionally designated to act as President. Well, that raises the least of the doubts about the wisdom of Mr. McCormack's possible succession. And it is in any event as plausible a construction of the Constitution to read the word "officer" prospectively (the man becomes the officer in question when

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Congress declares him to be in the line of succession) as retrospectively, and Mr. Wilmerding's historical evidence that the hair he bisects bears the mark of an earlier split is neither here nor there.

But Mr. Wilmerding does have something in mind, namely, a gimmick. If the 1947 statute is unconstitutional because it cashiers the Speaker before permitting him to act as President, why not have Congress declare it so, with the automatic consequence that the prior law, decreeing the Cabinet succession, will then be reinstated? For one thing, because it is most extraordinary to assume that when one statute is rescinded in whatever fashion, an earlier one is thereby revived. That is not what happens when the Supreme Court declares statutes unconstitutional. For another thing, if Congress can be brought to desire this supposed consequence, it is certainly more orderly, and less fraught with uncertainty, for Congress in a single act to repeal the 1947 law and reenact the earlier statute. The matter is solemn enough, and we ought to be able to face it like grown-ups. But the pre-1947 statute is undesirable for the reasons we have mentioned.

Another gimmick brought up last week is an old one of Mr. Truman's. Why not pass a law providing that upon the succession of a Vice President, the electoral college that acted at the last preceding election is to reconvene and elect a new Vice President? Because the electoral college consists of several hundred ciphers. It acts like an adding machine whose keyboard is punched by the popular vote in each state. If it were reconvened, who would punch the keyboard? That is the interesting question. Acting independently, the electoral college is no more suited to the purpose than the Board of Trustees of the Ford Foundation.

It is no good throwing up one's hands, or throwing the theory and practice of democracy out the window. The problem calls for remembering and applying the fundamental premise of our system, which is that the Presidency is the kingpin of our institutions, and that its viability, let alone its strength, depends on its connection – its origin in, and its responsiveness to – a national constituency. Another premise is that a vacancy is intolerable. The only way we can ensure against a vacancy and at the same time reach a national constituency is through Congress. Congress can provide for an election for some time after, but it can ensure against a vacancy beforehand only by itself electing someone beforehand. If the sitting President were given a veto, as we suggested last week, he is inserted into the process of selection at a time when the reservoir of good will at his disposal is at its maximum. He can therefore be expected to exert considerable influence even in a Congress that might be dominated by the other party, and to ensure against selection of a man who might make a discontinuous, sharp turn upon his own succession. The man will then act as Vice President, be taken into Administration councils, and not unnaturally yield some degree of loyalty to his chief, to whom, somewhat like constitutional Vice Presidents themselves, he will at least partly owe his selection.

Speaker McCormack's rather embarrassing declaration in favor of the status quo, given during an interview, revealed the constraints under which a Speaker of the House must necessarily operate when he tries to participate in the formulation of executive policies with which he should be familiar as putative successor. For the Speaker's first responsibility is to the House over which he presides and in whose behalf he wields much legislative power. The interview further emphasized the urgency of the problem by revealing rather distinctly some of Mr. McCormack's personal limitations. His position on the present succession law and on the desirability of continuing it in effect seemed to be simply a defense of one of the prerogatives of the House of Representatives. He seemed unwilling to think beyond that. His age, Mr. McCormack allowed, was a legitimate subject for worry and discussion, but only so long as "it doesn't get into personalities. . . . I thoroughly respect the views of others except when they get into personalities. I don't like that no matter where it is." But what is possibly in question is the succession to the Presidency of the United States; not some honorific post or a Congressional prerogative, but the peace of the world and the executive leadership of a nation of 200 million. Personalities are relevant. Whatever Mr. McCormack's merits in a long and honorable legislative career, we cannot rest easy with the remotest prospect of his succession.

Water Pollution

A representative of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare was at the House Public Works Committee last week trying to gut anti-pollution legislation that had already been approved in the Senate, where Mr. Muskie of Maine had shown Secretary Celebreeze that not only was the Public Health Service administered pollution program ineffective, but it was corrupt. The doctors, he showed, simply don't like to bother their friends in state health services by making them clean up dirty water. At this point, the Secretary's enthusiasm for the doctors visibly diminished, and his objections to creating a new agency – freed from the meddling fingers of the doctors – were said to have been withdrawn. In a show of bipartisan support the Senate passed by a wide margin legislation setting up the new enforcement administration, providing Mr. Celebreeze with an additional assistant secretary and more money

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for the construction of sewage works.

Now the Public Health Service has marshaled its forces, braced up Celebreeze and charged the House. Thus, one sees a Cabinet officer of a Democratic Administration aligning HEW with Republicans to preserve the privilege of a group of doctors who have been lax in ordering states to press ahead with pollution abatement in interstate waters. Taking heart, House Republicans have been filibustering the committee hearings on pollution, stacking up 30 or more witnesses. It is their hope that the bill can be kept in committee until civil rights gets to the floor, then be forgotten.

Playing Chicken

Truck-owners and brandy drinkers will probaby find their cost of living up from January 7, all because Germans are compelled to eat fewer American chickens. The extraordinary result flows from an elegant, and idiotic, agreement made last year between the United States and the European Economic Community. This was to the effect that, if the Europeans cut off their trade nose to spite their face, the United States would be allowed to inflict on itself a comparable degree of mutilation, without risk of being accused of a breach of the rules of GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

At the behest of Germany, which is the Community's biggest importer of American chickens, the EEC did in fact place a crippling levy on poultry imports. (German farmers are almost as politically potent as Texan oilmen.) Under the 1962 agreement, the United States was entitled to damage European sales – any European sales – by as much as its own exports to the Common Market were affected by the chicken levy. Solemnly, a five-man arbitration panel of GATT fixed the American damage at $26 million. The US just as solemnly accepted this verdict "in good faith," and then looked around for suitable European exports to damage to a similar extent. It chose French brandy, German Volkswagen trucks and Dutch starches used in making glue, cloth and paper. The tariffs on those items are to be put back on their old, 1930 levels, which means big upward leaps of from 200 percent to 400 percent.

One expected consequence is that good French brandy will likely cost at least a dollar more a bottle early in the New Year. Spanish brandy is unaffected, so brandy drinkers may switch to that, and so help Franco, though not their palate.

The Common Market announced a counter-offer. It seems that it is prepared to reduce the levy on poultry by 1.3 percent per pound. But it cannot promise that the cut even if made would stick, for the amount of the levy depends on the world market price of poultry, which is currently falling. Therefore, it is not thought likely that this form of compensation will be accepted in place of the American retaliation.

Thus foreign economic policy proceeds as myopically as ever on the fallacious assumptions that (1) such duty increases harm only to the producers of the goods in question, and that (2) in order to save political face, the United States must attempt to inflict countervailing damage on European producers. In fact, the EEC has already "retaliated" against itself by shutting off European consumers from low-cost, high-quality poultry imported from the US, and so reducing their real incomes. At the same time, the Europeans reduced their employment opportunities and investment rewards in their industries that export to the US, because the US, earning less European currency because of its reduced poultry exports, would in any case have spent less on European goods.

Instead of initiating further economic damage to both trade partners through retaliation, the United States could have afforded to forego its "rights" without losing face, and by doing so might have halted the drift toward destructive economic nationalism in the West. This would also have fitted in well with the proclaimed hopes from the forthcoming trade negotiations that are still to be called the "Kennedy round."

Goldwater on the Gap

Speaking to the National Women's Press Club in Washington on the subject of government management of news (three weeks before President Kennedy's death), Sen. Barry Goldwater said of the "missile gap" which figured prominently in the 1960 Presidential campaign: "The charge that the Eisenhower Administration had allowed the Soviet Union to surpass us in missile weaponry [was] made with full knowledge of its falsity. . . . Immediately after the election, the New Frontier admitted it had misinformed the public about the much-touted missile gap. . . ."

Historical fact ought not to be manhandled so brutally, and as a reserve major general in the Air Force Senator Goldwater should know better. It was the secret Air Force radars in Turkey which, in the spring of 1957, first detected Russian launchings of long-range missiles, many months before our own ICBM's were first tested. This was the evidence that then suggested that a missile gap existed. What could not be known at that time (in the absence of aerial reconnaissance) was how fast the Russians were building and positioning these missiles. Early in 1960, in Senate testimony made public, the chief of Air Force Intelligence, Maj. Gen. J. H. Walsh, predicted that the Soviet missile stockpile would increase faster than was assumed in

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the national intelligence estimates being used by an economy-minded Eisenhower Administration. There was good reason for this Air Force viewpoint, if the Soviet Union moved to exploit its early lead.

But in May, 1960, the Russians shot down Gary Powers in his U-2 high-altitude reconnaissance airplane, and in the uproar that followed President Eisenhower ended such missions over the USSR. This made it impossible to obtain hard evidence of the speed with which the Soviets were producing and deploying ICBM's, leaving the question of whether or not a missile gap was developing entirely to speculation.

It was not until January 31, 1961, 10 days after President Kennedy took office, that the US successfully launched its first reconnaissance satellite, known by the acronym of Samos; and it was late in the fall of 1961 before a second Samos could be successfully launched. Thus it was probably a year after the election before US intelligence had obtained sufficient, hard photographic evidence to determine with moderate assurance that the missile gap had not developed. This also would explain why the Kennedy Administration could not disclose the reasons for its reappraisal without risk of compromising the new and sorely needed reconnaissance device.

Interviews with Kennedy and Castro

Further Clarification

Jean Daniel's report in last week's New Republic, *in which he quoted at length what he had been told by John F. Kennedy and Fidel Castro has provoked numerous inquiries – most of them centering on the circumstances of the missile implacement in Cuba. According to Castro's account, President Kennedy had told Khrushchev's son-in-law that "the new situation in Cuba was intolerable," reminding him that the US had not intervened in Hungary. From such statements, Castro and the Soviets concluded that an American invasion was imminent; missiles were installed shortly thereafter. Mr. Daniel here replies to questions put to him:*

Q: How do you record your interviews?

Daniel: It depends. Important persons behave very differently, depending on whether or not one takes extensive notes during the course of an interview. This is what makes the real difference between an interview and a conversation. In the case of President Kennedy, whom I met alone, it had been understood that not until I had returned from Havana, after having seen Castro, and not until I had seen the President of the United States for the second time, would we agree together on what would be appropriate for publication. The President's tragic death, of course, made that impossible. In this instance, I rushed to the typewriter to write up my notes in detail as soon as I left the White House. But if I am asked to document the accuracy of my reporting, allow me to say that I have reported on conversations with about 10 chiefs of state who are still alive today. I have had not a single denial from any of them. In April, 1958, one month before the May 13 *coup d'état* in Algiers which resulted in bringing General de Gaulle to power, I had an interview with M. Robert Lacoste, then French minister for Algeria, at the latter's request. This interview, which lasted two hours, was picked up by the European press, because Lacoste's words were considered a signal to authors of the *coup*. The only public reaction of M. Robert Lacoste was to accuse me (through his spokesman at that time) of wearing a watch equipped with a tape recorder.

Q: Could you clarify on whose initiative the missiles were installed in Cuba, as Castro views it?

Daniel: On this point Fidel Castro was perfectly clear. What he told me varied in no essential respect from what he already said over television, in a memorable speech, as well as what he had said to a French journalist, Claude Julien, of *Le Monde*. Castro confirmed that the initial idea originated with the Russians, and with them alone: "The only thing we asked the Russians to do was to make it clear to the United States that any attack on us was an attack on the Soviet Union. We had extensive discussion before arriving at the proposal of installing guided missiles, a proposal which surprised us at first and gave us great pause. We finally went along with the Soviet proposal because, on the one hand, the Russians convinced us that the United States would not let itself be intimidated by conventional weapons, and secondly because it was impossible for us not to share the risks which the Soviet Union was taking to save us."

Q: How definite was Castro in his account of the conversation between Adzhubei and Kennedy?

Daniel: Castro gave an absolutely categorical answer. The Cuban Prime Minister said that whereas the United States thought it could negotiate with the Russians behind Castro's back, the Cuban government was, in

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point of fact, informed on the most minute details of all the conversations between the Soviets and the Americans. Thus, for example, Castro had received a copy of the official report on Adzhubei's interview with the President. In this report (again, according to Castro), Adzhubei said clearly that Kennedy had mentioned US non-intervention in Hungary at the time of the Budapest uprisings, and had specifically said that the Russians were not respecting the rules of the game, since they were intervening in Cuba. Was Kennedy sounding the Russians out or was he making a threat? I, of course, do not know and can only report that Fidel Castro believed that it was a specific threat. Adzhubei, according to Fidel, thought that perhaps Kennedy was just sounding him out. But a month later Khrushchev reached the same conclusion as Fidel. I have not myself seen the Adzhubei memo. I note, however, that Pierre Salinger last week confirmed that Mr. Kennedy had mentioned Hungary when he saw Adzhubei, but "not in the context" Castro placed the President's remarks.

Toys and Boys and Christmas

The sound of sleigh bells will soon be punctuated by the blare of missile-warning sirens as American youth gathers 'round the Yule tree and unwraps what promises to be a record-breaking arsenal. "Military will lead the league this year," says *Toys and Novelties*, the toy industry's major trade publication.

Twenty-eight American manufacturers and half a dozen importers are vying for the spoils. One of the largest of the former, the Aurora Plastics Corporation, which grossed close to $14 million last year, announced this December that its "output of military and naval equipment could supply all of NATO's needs and then some." The Aurora assembly lines in West Hempstead, L.I., N.Y., turn out "more planes, more ships, more tanks than all the world's man-sized factories put together," a company advertisement proclaimed.

The customers for this new martial abundance are the nearly 16 million three- to ten-year-old boys in the United States who have been pre-sold, through Saturday morning television commercials, on exactly what manner of armament they want for Christmas.

This year, the emphasis is on achieving a nuclear capability, although there will be hand grenades and bazookas for World War II buffs, ray guns and "degravitators" for those with an eye to the future, and high-powered rifles with "sniperscopes" – although surely the latter will be shunned the rest of this year.

For sheer, uncompromising overkill, nothing on the market can match the three-foot long, high-impact plastic, battery-operated "Mighty Matilda," an aircraft carrier with "nuclear power drive" and equipped with a 100-man crew, 12 jet fighters, 9 bombers, 16 surface-to-air missiles, four helicopters, two aircraft elevators and a tow truck for $14.95 from Remco Industries, Inc. Under her own power, the "Mighty Matilda" can navigate the living-room carpet on unseen wheels, catapult her aircraft aloft, spring-fire her missiles, raise and lower elevators, whirl her radar antenna, and ring out "battle stations" over her intercom.

Also keeping abreast of the nuclear boom are the model railroads. The 1963 Lionel catalog lists among its rolling stock no less than nine types of missile-bearing cars. One of these, an inoffensive-looking brown boxcar priced at $9.95, responds to a signal by slowly opening its roof, erecting a "Minuteman" intercontinental ballistic missile to the firing position and then suddenly dispatching the weapon on a mission of "long-distance bombardment."

Another plaything in the megaton range is the "Electric-Powered Diving Submarine" which comes in kit form from the Ideal Toy Corporation for $9.95. This sleek 24 3/4-inch vessel takes to the water like the *Skipjack* and can cruise, make figure-8's, submerge, surface and fire its "nuclear-powered guided missile." More bang for the buck, however, may be found aboard the 25-inch plastic "Polaris-Launching Nuclear Sub SSB (N) 618 *Thomas Jefferson* Kit," which Renwal Products, Inc., is offering for as little as $2.98. Of course, the *Jefferson* is not a versatile toy; it cannot cruise, make figure-8's, submerge or surface. All it can do is let fly with 16 Polaris missiles, the prototypes of which "are equal to all the bombs dropped by both sides during World War II."

So inexpensive are the new plastic fabrications that no child need be deprived of a nuclear deterrent. The Processed Plastic Company sells a three-stage "Intercontinental Ballistic Missile" for 39 cents. The Ideal Toy Corporation makes a six-shot "USA *Combat* Atomic Cannon" for $1.59. For older boys the same firm has an "Electrically Operated Thor Missile Base," complete with missile shelter, missile trailer, missile elevator, launching pad and electric warning siren for $2.95. Also for $2.95, the Andy Gard Company supplies a five-piece Army field set and on the container

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exhorts its new owner with inch-high, red and white block lettering to "Stage Your Own *All Out* Attack!"

Precision-made, all-metal imports this season focus attention on mobile missile launchers. Here, the emphasis is on fine craftsmanship and, according to the catalogs, "realism" and "replicas of the actual equipment." The French maker of Solido Toys has come up with an expertly detailed 10-wheeled green vehicle which erects its missile to the firing position by means of a miniature ratchet and then darts its *lance fusée* at targets up to five meters away. The price is about $5. Meccano, Ltd., the British manufacturer of the famous Dinky Toys, has entered the fray with a more expensive ($8.75) and slightly longer (nine and a half inches) six-wheeled carrier which disengages its white missile and launcher at the firing site and, on command, bolts its rubber-tipped weapon to a height of four feet. But another English concern, Corgi Toys, gets the prize for authenticity – and perhaps a worried glance from the British Security Service as well – for its 11½-inch "Corporal Guided Missile on Erector Vehicle" which may be had for about $10. This toy is a remarkably precise model of the real British Corporal missile; in fact the real Corporal may well be a model of the toy! Its manufacturer claims that: "Even before . . . the Corporal Guided Missile was first launched in Britain from the Hebrides Islands . . . Corgi Toys had produced and made available in the shops their model replica of this modern defensive weapon." Like the warhead on the real Corporal missile, this one too explodes.

While American and European youngsters are being fitted out with enough make-believe mayhem to unhinge the heavens, children in the Soviet Union must go virtually unarmed. No war toys are made in Russia, not even chocolate soldiers, and, so far as can be learned, there have not been any in the Soviet Union since World War II.

The Soviet Union is not likely to hang back much longer. This past October, *Nedelya*, the Sunday supplement of *Izvestia*, ran a symposium on the subject of toys which drew attention to the fact that Soviet makes are not only "old-fashioned" and "gadgetless" but also hopelessly pacific. An engineer who had investigated the industry was quoted as saying testily: "Our children cannot buy tanks and soldiers. Is education in the military spirit in our young folk not on the agenda any more?" Called to account, the Soviet Deputy Minister of Education explained that the government had never actually "banned" the production of "military toys"; it was just that no one had ever thought to produce them. The Deputy Minister promised to improve the situation, adding: "It is impossible to oust military toys from everyday life. You cannot put children in an ivory tower. They will go on playing at war. We must direct their games in the correct way."

This is basically the view held by most American toy manufacturers. "There have been toy soldiers ever since there were real soldiers," says Abraham Kent, a vice president of the Ideal Toy Corporation. "When I was a kid," he continues, "we bought knights on horseback from England. Now it's atomic cannons or maybe submarines. But there is nothing in it beyond the play value that you see right on the surface." Sheldon Wigler, advertising manager of the Lionel Toy Corporation, suggests that war toys are even beneficial: "They stimulate children to keep up with current events and may even help them to work out their aggressions."

Perhaps. But on the other hand, "What the war-toy manufacturers are doing," declares Dr. Michael B. Rothenberg, clinical professor of child psychiatry and pediatrics at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and director of Children's Psychiatric Services at Beth-El Hospital, Brooklyn, "is exploiting the world's agony in the most cold-blooded fashion. They are not concerned with what they are doing to the child's psyche, or, for that matter, to the world. If children must release aggressive emotions, they should do it against bowling pins or dart boards, not against human effigies or the symbols of civilization."

Dr. Rothenberg adds: "The question of whether or not to give war toys to children is a simple matter of conditioning. If children are conditioned to work out their aggressions with such things as atomic cannons, or if they are encouraged to think of all who oppose them as subhuman, and that the proper way to deal with these opponents is with Polaris submarines, then we are developing an adult population which, some years hence, will find it relatively easy, if not even natural, to put such horrifying weapons to actual use."

A woman who knew Lee Harvey Oswald as a boy when he lived in the Bronx recently drew this picture of him for a *New York Times* reporter: "We all thought that he was kind of queer," she said. "He liked Western comics. All you could hear was 'bang, bang, bang'. He would play by himself with his toy guns."

WILLIAM H. HONAN

NEXT WEEK: *Jean Daniel on Cuba's economy and Castro's views on Venezuela*

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Johnson's Young Helper

by Murray Kempton

The photographers have bequeathed us a study of President Johnson walking from his easy old office to his terrible new one in the White House the day after John Kennedy's death.

The President's head is still bowed; the wounds of shock and regret on his face are still unrepaired; the shoulders are not yet quite squared; but the stride begins to be almost confident and the left leg swings forward with the old impatience at delay.

Just behind Mr. Johnson, there. is an unfamiliar young man in glasses who must have been appointed to attend the President because he seems to be in tandem with him. Yet the camera has caught this young man in a posture oddly contemplative; it is difficult to be sure whether he is walking or has stopped to stand and think; his half step is clearly tentative; his arms are folded on his chest; his glasses are aimed at the rain-wet pavement.

This companion, who seems to be listening to some interior voice in those intervals when the President has nothing to say, is identified as Bill Don Moyers, who, at 29, is a full generation younger than any of the very few other men to whom Lyndon B. Johnson's not-always-patient head was used to giving intimate attention. Moyers has been the least dependent of those Texas-bred assistants Vice President Johnson's sometimes-provincial nature seemed to trust beyond any others in politics. And Moyers has gone less far in the world than any other of the very few men a Lyndon Johnson, with a firm bias in favor of power and material achievement, seems truly to have respected. The President's friends can think of no one of them who arouses in him the trust Bill Moyers does.

Bill Don Moyers had left the service of the Vice President, against strenuous resistance, to join the Peace Corps in 1961. He was in Dallas on November 22; he and the President came together at some point that night and home to Washington. Ever since, Moyers seems to have been with the President more than any other man, attending his schedule and ordering his day, and still without a title.

He had a chance to escape for the Thanksgiving dinner the Moyers share with Lloyd Wright, another Texan who is the Peace Corps' Information Director. Together, Moyers and Wright watched the President's televised Thanksgiving message.

"Just five minutes later, the phone rang," Wright remembers. "It was the President asking Bill how he thought he had done."

Bill Moyers met Lyndon Johnson 10 years ago when Moyers was a summer interne in the Senator's office. He returned to Austin with a job on Mrs. Johnson's television-radio network He completed college journalism and then began the series of withdrawals and returns that is the history of his relationship with the Johnsons. To Senator Johnson's puzzlement he accepted a Rotary International Scholarship to study church history at the University of Edinburgh and then returned to enroll at the Austin Baptist Seminary and to be ordained a minister in 1960. "I suppose I fled it," he says now. "There was something about being called reverend that I couldn't endure and my wife couldn't either." He had accepted an offer from Baylor University to teach ethics when Johnson called again to ask him to be his executive assistant in the 1960 campaign.

Moyers was only 25 then. His older, harder companions in the Vice Presidential campaign invoke the image of a Senator Johnson raging in the night's encampment like some nomadic chief, while his older warriors quarreled across him and even with him about whether the candidate's duty was to ride North to the assistance of Mr. Kennedy or to fall back home and defend Texas.

"You must have heard the stories about the temper Lyndon (I mean, the President) used to have," one voyager says. "I never could handle him until I finally figured out that instead of trying to be polite the thing to do was to shout at him and then he got mad and started to shout at me and then I knew I was making headway. John Connally is a really tough man but he couldn't organize Lyndon. But that Moyers who was just a kid could organize him. He could get him to do the things that he should do when none of the rest of us could. I suppose it was Moyers' gentle patience that did it."

When he was sworn in at last as Vice President, Mr. Johnson took it for granted that Bill Moyers would now become his executive assistant. But Moyers wanted to be where the action was; in the end, he reached Mr. Kennedy to wangle a release to apply to the Peace Corps. He began there as Congressional liaison director and ended as Sargent Shriver's deputy. Moyers' was the fastest and highest ascent in the Agency; yet reporters who asked his Peace Corps colleagues about

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him all report the surprise of finding that Moyers seemed not to have made a single enemy on the way up.

The Peace Corps seemed to be a place where he would be content to live out his life. The day after he came back to Washington with the new President he called the Peace Corps to say that he would be back in his office the morning after Mr. Kennedy's funeral. But he is still tied to Mr. Johnson; his old comings and goings from his patron are not that easy with the President of the United States. Now he talks about getting back to the Peace Corps after Christmas.

"I sometimes feel," he said the other day, "the way Odysseus did when he said how he longed to see the smoke leaping from his own island."

Back to the Peace Corps

He was meeting one night with a group of White House staff members and observed that the transition was going so well that he could go back to the Peace Corps soon.

"When are you going to stop using that line?" one of the company asked. His tone was not hostile, but it was hardly credulous. Mr. Kennedy said early in his run that he wanted to be President because the White House is where the power is. Since Mr. Kennedy had no trace of Caesar in him, we assume that he meant that the White House is where the action is; and that conception keeps the survivors of his official household faithful to their posts long after excitement and ambition have been buried with their President. The White House, if it cannot soon again be a place to which adventure comes, remains the place where one's duty can most usefully be performed. They cannot then be asked to believe that Bill Moyers, who is younger even than they and a Texan too, could mean it when he says that he wants to get out of a position this close to and this consequential to the President of the United States.

"Thales was asked once just what he thought was the hardest thing to do. He answered that it was to know yourself. And the easiest? Thales said it was to give advice. In these two weeks, I've found out that this is just where every awful problem falls upon the President and that must be seen to be believed. But I've also found out that this country is full of people who've found out that the easiest thing in the world is to give advice and that the place to bring it is to the White House. I never knew until now how much advice Presidents get, and I suppose one strength of our system is that we elect men who learn very soon not to take it. But, when you sit where I happen to be now and give advice day after day, there is the danger that you fall into the kind of counseling that forgets the actions behind the problem."

Still the President's old friends could not forget the special touch Bill Moyers had used in 1960 to contain the Johnson temperament, to command the Johnson ear, to order the Johnson schedule. No one, they thought, could replace him in that function. But Bill Moyers answers that the old Lyndon Johnson is no longer a problem, because he disappeared the day John Kennedy died.

"I have seen him in these days more humble and self-composed than I have ever known him or thought he could ever be. I know some of that comes from what the office does to men who bring to it the capacity to grow. But it's also because he is a very big man.

"I found that out for sure in 1960 even with all that irascibility and temper. Afterwards I'd go back home with him and we would sit with that single Scotch and he would talk about what he wanted for this country and I learned then to appreciate the private man for what he is."

"I do think," he went on, "that the President may well be remembered like Solon. It was Solon's gift to the history of Athens to produce the reconciliation of the poor with the rich. Now history has pushed people apart in this country, and I think that Lyndon Johnson was put here so that the Southern mind can be freed."

He accepts then Lyndon Johnson's place in history; he does not seem to have thought at all of some special place for Bill Moyers beside him. Beyond the attentions necessary through any shift into a new house, he does not think there is anything more the President needs depend on him alone to do. The fall campaign seems to hold little excitement for him. For a young man so cherished by a patron whose whole being has been the political process, Bill Moyers is strangely indifferent to elections. He judges that Mr. Johnson has no serious weakness except among the young; the Peace Corps, he argues, is the Administration's single great appeal to the feelings of youth, a view which has the advantage of bringing him serviceably back to his basic point that Bill Moyers can help the Administration best by putting his heart into the Peace Corps.

His first Peace Corps speech was delivered to the Young Democrats in Indianapolis. He urged them to forget their narrow domestic interests and ship out with the Corps, an appeal which, had it been successful, would certainly have brought disaster to all plans of the Democratic Party to get these kids out into the precincts.

"Mr. Johnson made a speech in September, 1960, calling for a corps of Volunteers for Humanity; it got a great reception at the University of Nebraska but it wasn't a well-done speech," Moyers remembers. "And nobody noticed the idea until Mr. Kennedy made his Cow Palace speech on the Peace Corps and I said then that, if we won, that's what I want to do. Mr. Johnson didn't want me to go – a lot of friends who didn't know

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him as well as I did kept telling him that I was indispensable – but the last time we talked about it I reminded him that in the Thirties he had wanted to be an activist too and so he'd left his job with a Congressman and gone back to Texas to run the State Youth Administration. He didn't object quite so much after that. Maybe I can think of something else this time."

To him the danger of staying there in the White House as Mr. Johnson's right hand is that when the probable term is up, he will be 35 with no qualifications for what he thinks of as useful work. "Just what sort of job am I going to be offered?" he asks.

The question hangs there, because the only answer is a reminder of where some of the old New Dealers have gone: Bill Moyers' training in the government would fit him most precisely to be a lobbyist for business.

Still it asks too much of the President to ask him to let Moyers go. Mr. Johnson, for all the volume of his testaments to the size and majesty of his state, must often rather dislike Texas. It can hardly be painless to be President of a whole nation and the citizen of a state whose public face has now become a caricature. When the President sits and talks to Bill Don Moyers, he is in the Texas of his youth, when a boy christened Bill Don felt no need to change his name to William D., and when there was no Texas tradition that a man should be proud to be born poor and ashamed to die rich. President Johnson has earned the right to have an assistant who is a Texan and about whom it can be written that the only favor he seems ever to have asked of a politician was a chance to go back to the Peace Corps.

The Word of Christine

by Giles Playfair

London

"I know," said Defense Counsel after Christine Keeler had pleaded guilty to perjury, "I know your Lordship will resist the demand for what I might call society's pound of flesh."

In the event society got only an ounce or two. But one could sense a kind of exultant relief that at last, after so many months, "the curtain had fallen on the Profumo drama." As a matter of fact, the greater part of the audience hadn't bothered to wait for the end. The thing had become a bore.

It was Lord Denning, with his Report, who emptied the house; that was doubtless just what the politically astute Mr. Macmillan anticipated. The British people as a whole have unbounded respect for their judiciary. They tend to believe that whatever a judge says is indisputably right – especially a judge of such eminence as Lord Denning and one who holds, as he does, that retribution is the ultimate objective of the criminal law; that it is proper to hang murderers and send homosexuals to prison. Views of this sort are still widely endorsed in Britain – if only because the judiciary propounds them. Besides, what Lord Denning had to say, if a bit dull, was still what nearly everyone wanted to hear. He made the moral plain and unchallengeable. On the one hand, in the Britain of 1963, there had been "no decline in the integrity of public life"; on the other, immorality did not pay.

So after Lord Denning had done his turn, it seemed to most of the public that there could be nothing else worth waiting for. True, Mr. Harold Wilson and his Labour cohorts were lurking in the wings, threatening to stage a big Parliamentary extravaganza as soon as the scene was set. But when Mr. Macmillan quit, they evidently decided that their act wouldn't draw, and lost enthusiasm for it. Only the fallen star was left to make her humiliating farewell appearance.

Is that what history should say, then, of the Christine Keeler trial – that it was just a tedious little afterpiece to a drama already played, an underlining of a moral already clear? Speaking as one member of the native audience, I hope that history won't. For to my mind Miss Keeler's confession to perjury has provided conclusive proof that the Denning Report will not do: a fact which in itself matters less than the reasons why, just as the Profumo affair is in itself of less importance than the way it has been disposed of.

"When the facts are clear beyond controversy," Lord Denning writes in the introduction to his Report, "I will state them as objectively as I can, irrespective of the consequences to individuals. . . . But when the facts are in issue, I must always remember the cardinal prin-

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ciple of justice – that no man is to be condemned on suspicion."

A commendable assurance, but how is it honored? First, by saying as much as possible to the credit, and as little as possible to the discredit, of every living person connected with the affair, including both Mr. Profumo himself and Christine Keeler. Secondly, by losing no opportunity to besmirch the dead and defenseless Stephen Ward.

In the latter task, one may think that Lord Denning stretches "justice" to breaking point, for he asserts as fact things which, to say the least, are unproved. More than once he accuses Ward of "procuring," though the Old Bailey jury, which tried Ward last August, acquitted him on this charge. Ward was only convicted of living on the earnings of prostitution – a less serious offense than procuring and one that would ordinarily be dealt with in a magistrate's court.

The result of Lord Denning's approach is to create the palatable impression that it remains impossible in Britain for an officer, a gentleman and a former Minister of the Crown to be wholly undeserving of sympathy and respect; and that while Mr. Profumo cannot escape final responsibility for the national scandal that bears his name, its true architect was an amoral social upstart. "The story," Lord Denning writes in a chillingly concise but (like much else in his Report) irrelevant account of Ward's trial and suicide, "ends as it began with him."

That statement is plainly inaccurate. The story, so far as Lord Denning's terms of reference went, ended with Mr. Profumo's resignation. It cannot fairly be said to have begun with Ward, unless Ward deliberately engineered the first meeting between Mr. Profumo and Christine Keeler, which took place at Cliveden (Lord Astor's estate). Lord Denning does not suggest that the meeting there was other than accidental, nor has he any evidence that Ward encouraged the subsequent relationship. On the contrary, he reports: "He [Profumo] visited her [Christine Keeler] at Stephen Ward's house. . . . Sometimes he called at a time when Stephen Ward or someone else was there. He would then take her for a drive *until the coast was clear* (italics mine).

The Line Between Immorality and Criminality

Indeed, if one troubles to think about it, one begins to wonder how the *degree* of Ward's sexual immorality, of which Lord Denning makes so much, affected the matter; what difference there could conceivably have been if, for example, Ward had not been ready, as Lord Denning insists that he was, "to cater for those of his friends who had perverted tastes . . . [and] arrange for whipping and other sadistic performances." Mr. Profumo, after all, did not have perverted tastes. Nor, presumably, did Eugene Ivanov, the assistant Naval Attaché at the Soviet Embassy, the other of Ward's friends concerned.

But what seems certain is that the technique of building up Ward as the villain of the piece, through placing such emphasis on his distasteful sexual habits, would have been impossible, or at least unacceptable, if Ward had not officially crossed the line between immorality and criminality. It is here that Christine Keeler's confession to perjury may eventually assume its real significance.

For at the time Ward was found guilty on two counts of living on the earnings of prostitution, many lawyers believed that the evidence had been too insubstantial to support the verdict and that this, had he lived to fight on, would very likely have been reversed on appeal. Under these circumstances, could there or would there have been a conviction at all, if the jury had known that the chief witness for the prosecution had committed perjury at a previous trial? Almost certainly not. That is not to imply that Christine Keeler's testimony against Ward was necessarily false. It is to say, however, that the jury, anyway presented with a rather unconvincing case, would most probably have felt bound to reject Miss Keeler's evidence, had they been aware that it came from a witness who could not invariably be relied upon to speak the truth under oath.

Not that this vital point has so far been taken up in Britain. On the contrary, Christine Keeler's crime has served as another stick to beat Ward's shade with. Her defense counsel, in a plea for mercy that had at least some influence on the Judge, adopted the Denning line. Here was a girl essentially straightforward and naïve, but "enmeshed in a net of wickedness," confused and bewildered, who had been totally under the domination of an evil man more than thirty years her senior. It may be so, but to judge from her actions, she was a Trilby who showed extraordinary resource after she had quarreled with her Svengali. According to the Denning Report, it was Christine herself who got in touch with the newspapers with a view to selling her story, playing one of them off against the other. And the story she actually did sell could hardly have been more ruthless or brazen. "You see, one man who was foolish enough and irresponsible enough to have an affair with me was a Cabinet Minister. . . . And at the same time I was having an affair with another man – a Russian diplomat." But for that statement, which was whispered, though not in the end published, there would probably never have been a Profumo scandal. And the second part of it, again according to the Denning report, was a lie. ". . . Captain Ivanov never became the lover of Christine," Lord Denning writes.

I am not, at this belated hour, trying to cast Christine

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Keeler in the role of villainess; still less, suggesting that she should have been punished more severely than she has been. (I wish she had not been sent to prison at all.) I am simply expressing the hope that her conviction for perjury may yet persuade people in Britain to take a second and more critical look at the way in which the Profumo affair has been explained and swept under the carpet.

A Converse Aversion to Fixing Blame

For there is something even more disturbing in Lord Denning's Report than his merciless lashing of a scapegoat, and that is the converse aversion which he shows to fixing blame anywhere else. Maybe it wasn't "cricket" for Ward to attempt a counter-attack when he himself was threatened with prosecution. But the fact is that if he hadn't made that attempt, tried to "blackmail" the government, as Lord Denning puts it, Mr. Profumo would quite likely have got away with his lie to the House of Commons. One is left to infer from the Denning Report that had that happened, it would have been just too bad; it wouldn't have been anybody's fault.

But wouldn't it? On January 26th, nearly five months before the story broke, Christine Keeler made a statement to the police in which she alleged that she had had an affair with Mr. Profumo. The information was passed on to both the Security Service and the Special Branch of Scotland Yard. No action was taken. Should the police have reported directly to the Home Secretary? No, Lord Denning replies, because "it would be contrary to our way of thinking that the police should be expected to report to the Home Secretary, or indeed to the Prime Minister, anything they happen incidentally to discover affecting the moral character or behavior of any individual, even including a Minister of the Crown."

Now that answer may seem undeniably correct. In retrospect, one realizes that all the rumors about a "security risk" that preceded Mr. Profumo's personal statement in the House of Commons were political hogwash; and it may be naïve to suppose that in this day and age a Minister lays himself open to blackmail simply because he sleeps with a girl. It is even possible that if Mr. Profumo had omitted the one lie from his statement, had simply left open the question of whether he had or had not misbehaved with Christine Keeler (it wasn't the vital question, anyway), there would have been an end to the matter; at the very least, he would have escaped disgrace.

But the point is that on March 22nd he *did* lie; and from that moment, surely, since he was threatened with utter professional ruin, he *was* vulnerable to blackmail from anyone who could prove that he had lied. (Which is not to suggest, of course, that he would ever have agreed to betray his country.) Moreover, it was no longer just a question of his private morals; it was a question of his integrity as a public servant, and his fitness for office.

On April 4th and 5th – nearly two weeks *after* Mr. Profumo had deceived the House of Commons with his personal statement – the police took another statement from Christine Keeler. In this, to quote Lord Denning, "she said she had had intercourse with Mr. Profumo. She said he had taken her to his house whilst his wife was away and *she described the house so exactly that one would think it was not likely to have been invented* [italics mine]." In other words, she furnished the police with something very close to proof that the man who was still serving as War Minister, and, incidentally, misusing the law of libel to keep himself in that position, had in fact told the House of Commons a lie. Had they not a duty at that point to inform the Home Secretary or the Prime Minister? Would not even a private citizen provided with similar information have had a duty to do so? The police evidently thought not. They were, it appears, only interested in nailing Ward.

And still Lord Denning approves. "This [Christine Keeler's statement] disclosed further details of moral misbehavior by a Minister, but added nothing to the security issue. And it was not their duty to disclose a moral misbehavior. The police are not to report upon private lives, even of Ministers." It does not seem to have occurred to Lord Denning that what the statement actually disclosed, and what the police must have realized it disclosed, was something far more serious than moral misbehavior in private; it revealed that a Minister was in all probability guilty of a falsehood that went to the root of his public conduct. The possibility is that Lord Denning was psychologically unable to allow that thought to occur to him. For him to admit that there ever came a time when it was more in the public interest to expose Mr. Profumo than to send Stephen Ward to jail would destroy the underlying theme of his Report.

The true importance of the Denning Report is in what it appears to reveal about its author – the moralism, the class-consciousness, the deep disinclination to question the established order of things. And this in turn raises the one vital question that the story of the Profumo Affair should pose. Lord Denning is an eminent representative of his profession. He is generally regarded as one of the ablest, most learned and most humane of English judges. At a time when the British people suppose themselves poised to enter a new and enlightened age, can they afford to be saddled with a judiciary which, while powerful enough to block progress on essential fronts, seems petrified in the moralistic postures of the 19th Century?

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Seeds of Doubt

Some Questions About the Assassination

by Jack Minnis and Staughton Lynd

On December 3, newspapers reported that the Federal Bureau of Investigation would confirm in all essentials the version of the President's assassination previously presented by the Dallas police and by Gordon Shanklin, FBI agent in charge in Dallas. According to these accounts the FBI will state that: (1) Lee Oswald, without accomplices, fired three shots at President Kennedy from a sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building; (2) about five and one-half seconds elapsed between the first shot and the last; (3) all three shots came from behind and slightly to the right of the President's car; (4) the same weapon fired all three shots.

It has not been announced how long the Presidential commission of inquiry will take to reach a finding, but meanwhile certain questions pose themselves:

(1) How Lee Oswald, from a position behind and slightly to the right of President Kennedy, fired a shot which entered the President's neck just below the Adam's apple; (2) how Oswald, using a bolt-action rifle, fired three shots with deadly accuracy in five and one-half seconds at a target 75-100 yards away moving about 25 miles an hour; (3) how the three shots could have produced four bullets; (4) how Lee Oswald did all the things he is supposed to have done in the 15 or 30 minutes (there are two different accounts) between the time the President was assassinated and the time Oswald allegedly ran into his apartment four miles away.

The Target

On page 15 is a rough diagram of the assassination scene constructed from a map of the area printed in *The New York Times* of November 23 and from the pictures of the scene found in other newspapers.

The leading vehicle in the motorcade was the Presidential limousine with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy in the rear seat, the President on the right. On jump seats facing forward, were Mr. and Mrs. Connally, Governor Connally on the right. The second car was filled with Secret Service men. The third car carried Vice President and Mrs. Johnson and Senator Ralph Yarborough. In the fourth car were Secret Service agents protecting the Vice President.

At about 12:30 p.m., November 22, the President's limousine made the turn at Elm and Houston Streets into the approach to the underpass leading to Stemmons Freeway. The car was traveling about 25 miles an hour, or about 12 yards per second. The distance between the turn at Elm Street and the underpass is about 220 yards. Thus at the speed at which most witnesses agree the motorcade was traveling, the maximum time it could have consumed traversing this distance would have been 20 seconds.

It is difficult to determine, with precision, the exact point in the traversal of the 220 yards at which the shooting occurred. However, some definite limits can be set. Experienced newsmen reporting in *The New York Times, The New York Herald-Tribune, The Washington Post, The Atlanta Constitution,* and for both Associated Press and United Press International, estimate that the President's car was 75-100 yards past the turn at Elm and Houston when the first shot was fired; others, persons on the spot at the time, say the President's car was midway between the turn and the underpass; Mrs. Connally says the car was almost ready to go underneath the underpass; Governor Connally says the car had just made the turn at Elm and Houston.

A reader, making use of the tree, the lamp post, and the ornamental wall shown in pictures on pages 24, 25 and 32H of *Life* magazine for November 29, can approximately identify for himself the point at which the President, smiling, waving and looking straight ahead as the limousine moved away from the Depository Building and toward the underpass, suddenly made a "clutching movement toward his throat."

John Herbers, writing in *The New York Times* of November 27, comments on the 15-second movie sequence of the assassination taken by an amateur photographer (from which the pictures in *Life* magazine were selected). He says five seconds elapsed from the first shot until the President's car disappeared into the underpass. If the President's car continued at 25 miles an hour after the first shot, then it traveled about 60

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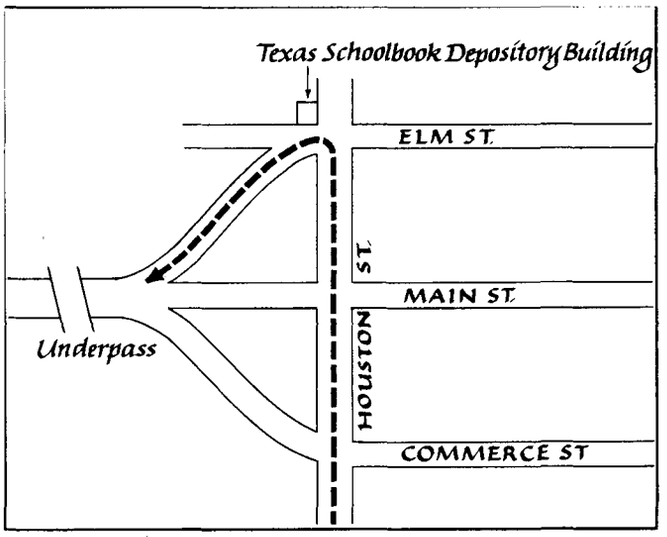
yards during this five seconds and, therefore, must have been about 160 yards from the turn at Elm and Houston when firing commenced. If, as most witnesses believe, it accelerated rapidly after the first shot, then it traversed considerably more than 60 yards during those five seconds. On the evidence of the movie, we would estimate the distance between the turn at Elm and Houston and the site of the first shot at something less than 160 yards, not appreciably out of line with the estimates of witnesses and newsmen, and the anticipated conclusion of the FBI report.

Having established, with some certainty we think, the fact that the Presidential car was approximately 100 yards past the turn at Elm and Houston when the first shot was fired, we can move to a consideration of the wounds themselves.



The Wounds

Tom Wicker, in *The New York Times* of November 23, wrote that Doctors Malcolm Perry and Kemp Clark, who attended Mr. Kennedy in the emergency room of the Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas immediately after the shooting, described the President's wounds thus: "Mr. Kennedy was hit by a bullet in the throat, just below the Adam's apple. . . . This wound had the appearance of a bullet's entry. Mr. Kennedy also had a massive, gaping wound in the back and on the right side of the head." Dr. Perry was the first physician to treat the President. Dr. Clark was summoned and arrived in a minute or two.

We saw nowhere in the newspapers nor heard in any of the earlier radio or TV accounts any attempt to reconcile a wound in the front of the President's throat with the theory that the shots came from the Texas School Book Depository, 75-100 yards to the rear of the President at the time the first shot was fired. Nor did we see or hear any suggestion that the original accounts of where the President's car was at the time of the shooting might be inaccurate. This could, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that identification of the throat wound as one of entry was tentative, and that it would be reasonable to suppose a bullet entering the back of the President's head, fired from an angle of about 45 degrees above him, might exit at the Adam's apple. The examining doctors, as they were quoted in the early press accounts, seemed to be unsure as to whether one bullet or two had inflicted the head and throat wounds of the President.

However, John Herbers, in a follow-up story in the *Times* of November 27, cleared this up. Herbers quotes Dr. Kemp Clark, the Dallas surgeon who pronounced the President dead, as saying that two bullets hit the President. One entered through the throat just below the Adam's apple and ranged downward, without exiting. The other struck the right side of the back of the President's head tangentially (that is, it smashed in and out, traveling on a tangent to his head).

From this description, it would seem that one bullet was fired from in front of the President. Herbers tries to reconcile the frontal wound with the supposed position of the assassin in the School Book Depository Building by suggesting that the gunman could have fired as the President's car was approaching the building, then swung the gun through an arc of almost 180 degrees and fired twice more. But this reconciliation ignores the uncontroverted accounts of many eyewitnesses as to where the President's car was at the time the first shot was heard. It appears well-established that the first shot was fired only after the President's car was more than 75 yards past the building. Indeed, Herbers' own interpretation of the 15-second movie sequence supports this. In order for the assassin, from his supposed position in the building, to have wounded the President frontally, he would have had to fire while the Presidential car was entering the turn at Houston and Elm, or before the car had halfway completed the turn. By all accounts this would have been six to eight seconds before a shot was heard. According to a *New York Times* dispatch from Dallas dated November 27, the Secret Service conducted a re-enactment of the assassination that day. The dispatch reported that "the consensus was that the shooting began after the President's car had made the turn."

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We see no way to reconcile the conclusion attributed to the forthcoming FBI report, that "it has been established that all three shots came from the same direction, behind and slightly to the right of the President's car" (AP dispatch datelined Washington, *Atlanta Journal*, Dec. 3), with the statement of Dallas doctors that one bullet struck the President at about the necktie knot "in the mid-section of the front part of his neck" (*New York Times*, Nov. 24 and 27). Indeed, the bullet that struck the President's throat was sufficiently frontal that Dr. Clark at first thought the same bullet might have entered through the throat and exited through the upper rear of the President's head. (See "The Kennedy Wound," *New York Times*, Nov. 24, for an account based on this supposition.)

On December 5, 13 days after the assassination, "federal investigators" were still simulating the crime with car, camera and surveyor's transit on Elm Street in Dallas, in an attempt to answer the question "how the President could have received a bullet in the front of the throat from a rifle in the Texas School Book Depository Building after his car had passed the building and was turning a gentle curve away from it" (Joseph Loftus in the *New York Times*, Dec. 6).

Finally, what is the explanation of the reports of Frank Cormier of the AP and of Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of a small hole in the windshield of the President's limousine?

The Weapon

First press accounts quoted various members of the Dallas police force as saying the assassin's weapon was a .30-caliber Enfield and a 7.65mm Mauser. One Secret Service man said he thought the weapon was an "Army or Japanese rifle" of .25 caliber. The same accounts reported that the rifle was found on the second floor of the building by a window, in the fifth-floor staircase, by an open sixth-floor window, and hidden behind boxes and cases on the second or sixth floors.

It was not until the FBI said it had discovered that Oswald had purchased an Italian-made 6.5mm rifle from a Chicago mail-order house that the confusion was dispelled. Then all accounts and all sources agreed: The former .30 caliber-Enfield-7.65 Mauser was now a 6.5mm Italian-made rifle with telescopic sight. It was also at this time that all sources began agreeing that the gun had been found on the sixth floor – though some still held out for the open-window location, while others argued for the buried-behind-the-boxes theory.

We did not at that time have a very clear idea of the precise number of seconds within which the shots had occurred, but we were uneasy about anyone's having got off the reported three shots with a bolt-action rifle from that distance at a target moving 12 yards a second, with that accuracy and quickly enough to have created such confusion about who got hit first, the President or the Governor.

On November 25 *The New York Times* reported that "a group of the nation's most knowledgeable gun experts, meeting in Maryland at the time of the shooting, agreed that, considering the gun, the distance, the angle and the movement of the President's car, the assassin was either an exceptional marksman or fantastically lucky in placing his shots." The *Times* account does not indicate whether the experts also considered the extreme rapidity with which the shots were fired.

Then on November 27 the *Times* ran another story telling about tests which had been conducted by a "firearms expert from the National Rifle Association" in Washington. The expert had used a "Model 1938 6.5mm bolt-action rifle." His target had been 50 feet away. He was able to get off three shots in 11 seconds and they struck within a one-inch circle. On a second try the expert was able to get off three shots in eight seconds with comparable accuracy. Using this performance as a basis for speculation, the expert reasoned that a person well-practiced with the use of the gun could have done as well or better under the conditions of the assassination in Dallas. (The story did not indicate whether or not the target used in these tests was stationary or moving.)

Others did not agree with this expert. The Italian newspaper *Corriere Lombardo* of Milan said, as reported in the same *Times* story, that if the Model '38 were used and that if more than one shot had been fired "there must have been a second attacker." In Vienna, the Olympics champion shot, Hubert Hammerer, said that the initial shot could have been made under the conditions in Dallas when Mr. Kennedy was killed, but he considered it unlikely that one man could have triggered three shots within five seconds with the weapon used.

All these judgments were made on the theory that the shots were fired as the Presidential car sped away from the gunman, with the gunman having to allow only for the forward movement of the car. This supposition, of course, takes no account of the marksman himself having to move in order to swing the gun through an arc of 180 degrees.

These experts were also proceeding on the theory that Lee Oswald was a crack marksman. However, Oswald was only an "average" marksman in the Marines (Laurence Stern and Alfred E. Lewis, writing in *The Washington Post*, December 1). Of course, he could have improved with practice since his Marine service. On December 9, Fred Powledge, reporting from Dallas to *The New York Times*, quoted several persons as

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saying they had twice seen Oswald firing at a practice rifle range within three weeks of the assassination. One remembered him coming "alone in a battered automobile." But Mrs. Michael Paine, with whom Lee Oswald's wife had been staying, is quoted as saying that "in late October or early November she tried to teach [Oswald] how to drive her car in a parking lot, but that [he] did not even learn to park it."

The Bullets

There is general agreement among the witnesses and newspaper accounts that three shots were fired. Typical is Senator Ralph Yarborough's description, quoted by *The Washington Post* of November 23: "I heard three loud explosions that sounded like shots from a deer rifle. You could smell powder."

Yet there appear to be *four* bullets involved. In *The New York Times* of November 25, Fred Powledge's story from Dallas lists as part of the evidence supporting the Oswald-School-Book-Depository-Mannlicher-Carcano theory: "A bullet that Secret Service men removed from a stretcher at Parkland Hospital after the shooting, and two bullet fragments removed from the Presidential automobile matched bullets fired by the rifle [FBI] agents found inside the [warehouse]." Powledge cites Gordon Shanklin, FBI agent in charge in Dallas, as his source of information. This it would appear accounts for two bullets. In the *Times* of November 27, John Herber's story from Dallas says: "Three shots are known to have been fired. Two hit the President. One did not emerge. Dr. Kemp Clark, who pronounced Mr. Kennedy dead, said one struck him at about the necktie knot. 'It ranged downward and did not exit,' the surgeon said." Thus there is the bullet from the stretcher, the bullet which was found fragmented in the car, and the bullet that did not exit from the President.

An AP dispatch from Dallas in *The Atlanta Constitution* of November 23 quoted Dr. Robert R. Shaw, attending physician for Governor Connally: "[The Governor] seems to have been struck by just one bullet. . . . We know the wound of entrance was along the right shoulder. He was shot from above. . . . [The bullet] entered the back of his chest and moved outward. . . . It emerged from his chest and struck his wrist and thigh. . . . The bullet is still in his leg."

Now we have the stretcher bullet, the fragmented bullet, the bullet that remained in the President, and the bullet in the Governor's leg. Herbers, in the *Times* of the 27th, presumes "that the bullet that struck the President's head was the one recovered from the stretcher that bore the President into the hospital. He doesn't theorize about how the bullet got onto the stretcher. Dr. Clark stated that the bullet went "in and out" of the President's head. We assume this to mean that there was an exit as well as an entry wound in the President's head. Furthermore, it would seem rather likely that the fragmented bullet would be the one which made the head wound. LeMoyne Snyder, forensic medicine specialist, in his book *Homicide Investigation*, writes: "When a lead bullet is fired into the skull at an angle, it will sometimes fracture the skull bone in such a way that a sharp edge of bone is presented to the bullet. As a result, the bullet is cut in two lengthwise. . . . It is not likely to happen if jacketed ammunition is used."

It should be noted here, too, that while Herbers identifies the stretcher from which the bullet was removed, Powledge's story of two days earlier, in which he cites FBI agent Shanklin as his source, merely says: "A bullet the Secret Service men removed from *a* stretcher [our italics]."

We have no way of knowing whether the bullet remained inside the body of the President and was buried with him, or whether it was removed for evidence. Dr. Clark, in Herbers' story of the 27th, merely says that the bullet did not exit of its own accord. Then Herbers writes: "The bullet that did not exit from the President's body may have since been removed in an autopsy, but the Parkland Hospital said no autopsy was performed in Dallas." An AP dispatch in the *Dallas Morning News* of November 27 states that "the White House has so far declined to say whether an autopsy was performed on the body of slain President John F. Kennedy. For approximately nine hours, the body was at Bethesda, Md., Naval Hospital last Friday night and early Saturday morning [November 22 and 23]." An AP dispatch which appeared in the *Pine Bluff* [Ark.] *Gazette* of November 27 stated that "doctors at the Bethesda [Maryland] Naval Hospital made a post-mortem examination of Kennedy's wounds."

The hospital authorities also stated, according to Herbers, that "the medical report of President Kennedy's assassination, written in longhand by Dr. Clark, chief of neurosurgery at Parkland, had been given to the Secret Service and the hospital had no copy."

Another puzzling fact is that apparently the two bullets with the cloudiest pedigree are the ones that link the shooting to the gun the investigators finally settled on. Powledge's story of the 25th, quoted above, states that the stretcher bullet and the fragmented bullet matched bullets fired by FBI men from the rifle found inside the building. The rifle (identified variously as an Enfield and a Mauser) was found early in the afternoon of November 22. So were the two bullets. They were in the possession of the Dallas police and the FBI presumably, from then on. Sometime on No-

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Commentary of an Eyewitness

Some of the points raised here bothered me on the scene in Dallas, where I witnessed President Kennedy's assassination and the slaying of the accused assassin two days later. Three circumstances – the entry wound in the throat, the small, round hole in the windshield of the Presidential limousine, and the number of bullets found afterward – suggested that there had been a second sniper firing from a point in front of the automobile.

The throat wound puzzled the surgeons who attended Mr. Kennedy at Parkland Memorial Hospital when they learned how the Dallas police had reconstructed the shooting. Dr. Robert McClelland, one of the three doctors who worked on the throat wound, told me afterward that they still believed it to be an entry wound, even though the shots were said to have been fired from almost directly behind the President. He explained that he and his colleagues at Parkland saw bullet wounds every day, sometimes several a day, and recognized easily the characteristically tiny hole of an entering bullet, in contrast to the larger, tearing hole that an exiting bullet would have left.

A few of us noticed the hole in the windshield when the limousine was standing at the emergency entrance after the President had been carried inside. I could not approach close enough to see on which side was the cup-shaped spot that indicates a bullet has pierced the glass from the opposite side.

As for the number of bullets, although all who heard them agreed there were three shots, authorities repeatedly mentioned four bullets found afterward – one found in the floor of the car, a second found in the President's stretcher, a third removed from Governor Connally's left thigh, and a fourth said to have been removed from President Kennedy's body at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda. On the day the President was shot, I happened to learn of a possible fifth. A group of police officers were examining the area at the side of the street where the President was hit, and a police inspector told me they had just found another bullet in the grass. He said he did not know whether it had anything to do with the assassination.

With these circumstances in mind, I returned to the scene to see where a shot from ahead of the President's car might have originated. From the stretch traveled by the car when the shots were fired, a large sector in front is taken up by a railroad viaduct. It crosses over the triple underpass, through which the motorcade was routed. No buildings are visible beyond the viaduct; it forms the horizon.

Between the tracks and the near side of the viaduct is a broad gravel walkway. Along the side is a three-foot concrete ballustrade, with upright slots two or three inches wide. At each end is a five-foot wooden fence that screens the approaches to the viaduct.

Normal Secret Service procedure is to have local police stationed on and under any such overpass before a Presidential motorcade approaches. The standing order also is to clear each overpass of all spectators. The Secret Service now declines all comment on the assassination, refusing to answer the specific question as to precautions taken with respect to that particular viaduct. Railroad police seem to have been assigned responsibility there. The area is marked with no-trespassing signs as private railroad property. Railroad police chased away an Associated Press photographer who tried to set up his camera there before the motorcade arrived. But the precautions apparently were not perfect. Early reports of the shooting told of a police pursuit of a man and woman seen running on the viaduct. There was no report that they were caught. Regardless, their presence indicates that unauthorized persons had access to that vantage point.

The south end of the viaduct is four short blocks from the office of the *Dallas Morning News*, where Jack Ruby was seen before and after the shooting. He had gone to the *News* office to make up an advertisement for his strip-tease place. An employee remembered the time as 12:10 p.m., because the ad deadline was noon and Ruby often was late. The advertising man Ruby wanted to see had gone out to watch the motorcade; he returned at 12:45, unaware that the President had been shot. No one remembered for sure seeing Ruby between 12:15 and 12:45. The shooting was at 12:30.

If the entry wound in the throat presents any problem to the FBI in analyzing the crime, the agency has not indicated this by its actions. Dr. McClendon said a few days ago (December 9) that no official investigators, from the FBI or anywhere else, had questioned the surgeons at Parkland Hospital about their observation of the throat wound.

Conclusions reached in a post-mortem examination at Bethesda would have questionable validity. The doctors at Dallas had made their incision through the bullet hole in performing a tracheotomy in an effort to restore satisfactory breathing. The hole was slightly below the Adam's apple, at the precise point where a tracheotomy normally is performed. Changes in tissue in the several hours before the body reached Bethesda, moreover, would have increased difficulty of reconstructing the path of the bullet.

Richard Dudman

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vember 23, the rifle became a Mannlicher-Carcano. Is it the custom of Italian rifle-makers to leave their names off their products, so that they cannot be identified immediately? We don't know.

We *do* know that the more damage done to the surface of the bullet, the more dubious becomes the accuracy of laboratory comparison with other bullets to determine *which* gun of a given make it was fired from, even if the make of the gun can be determined. Thus the identification of the gun that supposedly fired the assassination bullets seems to rest primarily, not on the fragmented bullet, but on a bullet allegedly found by a Secret Service man on *a* stretcher in Parkland Hospital, Dallas, after the President was shot.

It is not clear at this point just where this bullet came from and how it came to be on "a stretcher."

The Murderer

The way the supposed assassination gun is linked to Lee Oswald is somewhat curious, too. Powledge's story of the 25th states: "The FBI agent [Gordon Shanklin] said the young man ordered a 6.5mm rifle with telescope sight from a Chicago store last spring. The rifle was sent to an 'A. Hidell,' at Oswald's post office box here. It arrived by parcel post on March 20. Samples of Oswald's handwriting were sent yesterday to the FBI laboratory in Washington where they were found to match the handwriting in the letter ordering the rifle." In his story of the 26th, Powledge again refers to the gun: "The district attorney said the police had traced the serial number of the murder weapon, an Italian rifle with a telescopic sight, to the Chicago mail-order house that had sold Oswald a rifle last spring." Thus all the FBI and the Dallas police appear to claim so far is that the gun which fired the stretcher bullet and the gun they say Oswald ordered came from the same mail-order house.

Moreover, in the early accounts it was being said that the gun, with telescopic sight, was purchased for $12.78. But on November 25 *The New York Times* reproduced an advertisement from a mail-order house showing clearly that $12.78 was the price of the gun without telescopic sight. Subsequently it was reported (UPI dispatch of November 29, *Atlanta Journal*) that, in addition to $12.78 for the gun, Oswald paid $7.50 for the sight. Was the sight ordered in a separate letter, also in Oswald's handwriting and also signed "A. Hidell"? Was there one money order signed by Hidell for $12.78 and another for $7.50? And if so, why was the latter information held back at the time the former was announced?

In his news conference of November 24, District Attorney Wade said that Oswald's palmprints were on the gun found in the warehouse. However, first he called them fingerprints, then palmprints. And on November 27, "Edward Bennett Williams, one of the nation's leading defense lawyers . . . said the police's purported discovery of Oswald's palmprints in the room where the assassin lay in wait was not necessarily incriminating. 'Palmprints are not nearly as conclusive as fingerprints,' he said." (*New York Post*, November 27)

In other parts of his November 24 conference, District Attorney Wade seemed so confused that we must question whether he really knew much about the evidence against Oswald at the time. As an example of his confusion, note the following exchange referring to the reported attempt by Oswald to shoot an arresting officer in the Texas Theater (taken from transcript of the news conference published in *The New York Times*, November 26):

Q. Why didn't it go off?
A. It snapped. It was a misfire. Then the officers subdued him – some six officers – subdued him there in the theater, and he was brought to the police station here.
Q. Mr. Wade, why didn't the gun fire?
A. It misfired, being on the – the shell didn't explode. We have it where it hit it, but it didn't explode. It didn't fire the shell.
Q. There was one officer who said that he pulled the trigger, but he managed to put his thumb in the part before the firing pin. It didn't . . .
A. Well . . .
Q. . . . strike the – the bullet didn't explode. Is that it?
A. I don't know whether it's that or not. I know he didn't snap the gun is all I know about it.

Now, either Wade had, as part of the evidence, the misfire bullet from the pistol, with a mark on it made by the pistol's firing pin, or he didn't. He didn't seem to know whether he had it or not.

All in all, it is hard to see how the District Attorney felt able then to conclude: "I would say without any doubt he is the killer," particularly in view of the fact that some of the evidence – such as the alleged statement by Mrs. Oswald that her husband had a rifle in their garage on the night before the assassination but that it was gone the next day – would never have been admissible in a Texas court, as the police readily admitted.

We will remark on only one other aspect of the case. Dallas District Attorney Wade offered to newsmen and to the public, as one of the links in the chain of evidence against Oswald, the fact that Oswald went to his home in Oak Cliff, changed his clothes hurriedly, and left (Wade's November 24 news conference as printed in *The New York Times*, November 26). According to a UPI dispatch datelined Dallas in *The Atlanta Journal*, November 23, "Mrs. R. C. Roberts, who works for the

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Johnsons [from whom Oswald rented a room in Oak Cliff], said that at about 12:45 p.m. [Dallas time] Friday she had just learned that Mr. Kennedy was shot. In rushed Oswald, 'On the dead run,' she said. 'He ran to his room, came running back with a gray zipper jacket and out the door'."

The assassin's bullets were fired between 12:30 and 12:31 p.m. (Dallas time). Oswald supposedly fired them from the sixth floor of the building where he worked. Then, supposedly, he hid the rifle behind some books and packing cases and made his way to the second floor of the building. Roy S. Truly, TSBD manager, and a policeman ran into the building immediately after the shots were fired. "The two men scrambled up the stairs to the second floor. As they made their way to the back stairway, the policeman saw Oswald standing beside a soft-drink machine, sipping from a coke bottle" (*Washington Post*, December 1). According to the *New York Post* (November 27) two noted criminal lawyers have puzzled over this account. Maurice Edelbaum said: "The main incongruity I see is the report of Oswald's swift descent from the sixth floor. The moment a policeman rushed into the building Oswald was there." Raymond Brown asked: "How did he get down? Were there steps or an elevator from the sixth floor? Did anybody see him?"

Then, according to Wade, Oswald left the building and walked four blocks west to Lamar Street where he boarded a bus. He rode the bus an undetermined number of blocks and then got off. He hailed a taxicab and rode four miles to his room in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas. He arrived, according to Mrs. Roberts, just 14 minutes after the assassination. Now if the taxicab was able to average 20 miles an hour, which we think would be a maximum, the taxi ride would have taken 12 minutes. This leaves Oswald with just two minutes to shoot the President and Governor Connally, clean and hide the gun, run down four flights of stairs, search his pockets for coins, get a coke from the machine, open it, engage in some conversation with Mr. Truly and the policeman, make his way from the second floor out of the building, walk four blocks to the bus stop, board the bus and ride several blocks, and get off the bus and hail a taxi.

On December 1, however, *The Washington Post* quoted housekeeper Roberts as saying: "He came dashing in about 1 o'clock." This second version created new difficulties, for these reporters refer to "the floundering of the bus in the choked downtown traffic," and to the fact that Oswald "told the [cab] driver to drop him off at a corner five blocks beyond his rooming house." If the traffic was "choked" we probably need to cut in half the estimated average speed of the taxi over the four miles to Oswald's rooming house. At an average speed of 10 miles an hour, it would have taken the taxi 24 minutes to cover the distance. This would leave Oswald five minutes to shoot the President and Governor Connally, clean and hide the gun, run down four flights of stairs, search his pockets for coins, get a coke from the machine, open it, engage in some conversation with Mr. Truly and the policeman, make his way from the second floor out of the building, walk four blocks to the bus stop, board the bus and ride several blocks, and get off the bus and hail a taxi. And if we accept this version, we must allow, within the five minutes left to Oswald, the time necessary to walk the five blocks back to his rooming house from the corner to which the taxi took him.

Conclusion

Since the bulk of this analysis was written, the newsmagazines – *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, and *US News and World Report* – have made public their versions of the assassination. They help add to the confusion. For example, *Time* (December 6) has Oswald buying rifle and sight for $19.95, while according to *Newsweek* (December 9) he paid $12.78. All early accounts of the assassination put the speed of the President's limousine at about 25 miles per hour, but now it has slowed to 15 miles per hour (*Life*, November 29), "no more than half the 25 miles per hour first estimated by authorities" (*Newsweek*, December 9), and 12 miles per hour (*US News and World Report*, December 9). The latter magazine comments: "If President Kennedy's car had been moving even 20 miles an hour, the experts say, it might have made the lead time too difficult a problem for the sniper."

The central problem – the fact that the President was wounded in the front of the throat, "the midsection of the front part of his neck," according to "staff doctors" at Parkland Hospital on November 23 (*New York Times*, November 24) – remains. *Life* and *Newsweek* place the President's car 170 feet and 150 feet past the turn at the time of the first shot: a shorter distance than our estimate, but much too distant from the window for a shot through the front of the neck. *Life* (December 6) recognizes the problem, but solves it by saying that the President was turning far to the right at the moment of impact. This explanation appears to fail for two reasons. First, *Life's* own pictures of the event in the issue of November 29 show the President looking straight ahead. Second, Elm Street curves left as it passes the warehouse building (see the picture on page 32H of *Life*, November 29), in such a way that when the first bullet struck, the President's back was to the window. In order for a bullet to have entered "the mid-section of the front part of his neck" the President would have had to turn completely around just before the shot was fired.

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Malamud and the Anthropomorphic Business

by Herbert Leibowitz

Malamud is a sort of waggish minstrel of misery. He is a homilist whose stock of canny folk proverbs contains the distilled wisdom of the politic of survival. Since his characters usually live in a kind of psychic jail, they defend their self-respect by crying out in protest against an unhearing, uncaring world; by laughing, wailing, groaning, or shouting threats at the bullying pow-

Idiots First
by Bernard Malamud
(Farrar, Straus; $4.50)

ers that balk them. In a way, they are intrigued by their dramatic predicament, and like strutting actors, they emote, soliloquize, and substitute gesture for action until they are forced to remember their hopeless misery. Reaching out for communication, they are misunderstood, or left with their inner selves unexpressed; when they feel most defeated, they lapse into an "eloquence almost without vocabulary."

Malamud seems to have arrived at an impasse rich in unsettling perceptions of the moral nature of life. Most of his characters suffer in excess of their offense or are encumbered, to paraphrase Kafka, by a state in which they find themselves guilty, quite independent of sin. They raise troubled questions whether man is free or bound by necessity, whether the world is governed by pitiless, inescapable laws or by love. With the zest, tenacity, and occasional weariness of a scholastic disputation, the quarrel is carried on in story after story: who are the guilty, who is responsible, is atonement possible? Even the titles of these stories strangely reverberate the terms and perplexities of the debate: *The Cost of Living, Life Is Better Than Death, Still Life, The Death of Me.*

In the quasi-allegorical title story, the old, poor, dying Mendel rushes frantically about trying to collect enough money to send his idiot son to California where he can be properly cared for. Running into dark closed doors, he is stalked and finally stopped by Ginzburg, a spectral avenging Fury (Death) who tells him: "I ain't in the anthropomorphic business . . . the law is the law . . . what will happen happens." Mendel's embittered question, "Don't you know what it means human?" illustrates Malamud's perpetual struggle to humanize the impersonal and the irrational, to give it a local habitation and a name. At times, these forces are homely and identifiable, but they usually turn out to be agents of some supernatural cause; like the landlord in *The Cost of Living* who drives the old grocer Tomashevsky out of business and out of his wits by renting an empty store to a supermarket chain. Even nature mourns, as if in universal assent to the hardship of Being. *The Cost of Living* begins and ends in winter, and the change of seasons ritually parallels the grocer's dislocation and loss of hope. The weather in Malamud's stories is generally cold (*Still Life* and *Naked Nude*) or unbearably stifling (*A German Refugee*), and is a gauge of a person's spiritual discomfort: "Tomashevsky's face was a blizzard"; Mendel put on "the cold embittered clothing."

Malamud's characters are often idiots in the sense of being fools and clowns, or of being incapable of rational conduct or logical reasoning. But the root meaning of the word "idiot" is "private, own," that sanctity of the human personality that Malamud wishes to protect against the assault of a faceless, autocractic will. And paradoxically, this temperamental quirk assures man's freedom, even though he uses it foolishly, destructively, and inhumanely, as, for example, the rich businessman Fishbein, in *Idiots First*, who substitutes Philanthropy (organized charity) for Love of Man.

The locked door and the hidden cross – these are the symbols of Malamud's fictions. As in Kafka, what thwarts is

Christmas Needles

The beginning of wisdom, said the Christmas tree,
Is in the fall of a needle. Before we spread
The packages, we sweep the presaging fall
And amply sheet the continuing carpet.

We hear no fall. Listening closely
Or unexpectantly, we sometimes catch
From silver ball, a needle noise
Or final downbeat on a paper present.

And at the end, when Twelfth Night or Day
Restores the usual, there's the needle pile,
Stubbornly green with icicle fragments
To memorialize the fall and reflect a reason.

To dismantle the tree, as we never want to,
For we unwillingly accept plausible custom
Or the true inaudible but prefer the role
Of gracious coworkers with necessary ends.

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often matter-of-fact but invisible. In the Jewbird's words: "That's how it goes. It's open, you're in. Closed, you're out and that's your fate." But more often, the Mendels and Oskar Gassners are trapped in the dark, stuffy rooms of the mind, worn down by their nagging obsession with what they have done or failed to do. In *Still Life*, a droll sex comedy with an undertone of melancholy, the failure to permit absolution for one's past deeds results in a denial of the ebullient spirituality of the flesh, to a crucifixion without tenderness or love. Annamaria Oliovino (oil and wine, the ingredients of the sacrament), the ripe, earthy but capricious *pittrice*, paints still lifes and huge abstractions "exploding in all directions, these built on, entwined with, and ultimately concealing a small black religious cross." She cannot, however, still the life within her or her remorse; she desires abasement as penance for her sins. A voluptuary of religious purity, she must confess to a Fidelman dressed as a priest and then be taken sexually in a slightly fraudulent communion. Passion becomes The Passion, a crucifixion necessary for the power to will resurrection, to be reborn by the single redemptive act that will erase the shame and iniquity of the past. (Fidelman is the meek, bumptious artist, dreaming of bold conquest, sexual rapture, and ultimate victory, who suffers his own hilarious crucifixion at the hands of Annamaria: "He considered jumping into the Tiber but it was full of ice that winter.") The story is also a witty spoof of abstract expressionism.

Like the Aeschylus of *The Oresteia*, Malamud explores the dialectic of law and love. His human solidarity inclines him to a Whitmanesque faith in the radical goodness of creation and man, but the evidence of his senses, of his moral experience, and of modern history seems to erode that faith. The German Refugee, in the most moving story of the volume, bitterly disquieted by his forced uprooting, tries to rouse himself from spiritual torpor and quotes with apparent affirmation Whitman's creed that "the kelson of the creation is love," only to lose faith entirely and kill himself. His suicide is due not merely to despair at the gruesome evil of Hitler and at the failure of brotherhood; it comes also from a personal guilt, a failure to love; he had abandoned his Gentile wife, who had later been converted to Judaism and thrown into the common grave by the SS. Sober hope dwindles into dark pessimism. Neither love of God, of others, nor of self seems possible: to the Germans, the love of death has led to the death of love; to Oskar, the death of love has led to the love of death.

Detachment from another's cross, then, is a perilous moral position. If one orders one's life by carefully distancing someone else's woes, either from a gruff reluctance to know the full measure of another's suffering or from fear of being taken advantage of, then the heart is deformed. Yet benevolence and involvement may be futile. The tailor in *The Death of Me* is stunned and saddened by the eerie violence of his workers' enmity. His exhortations, eloquence, and kindness are respected, but locked into their self-pity and irrational hatred, their selfhood somehow threatened, they fight with incoherent rage and break his heart. But unless love balances the bleak negativism of the law, Malamud

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seems to be saying, there can be no rebirth, no triumph of the spirit against egotism and evil. Perhaps through accepting imperfection yet risking ourselves we can change and live wholly. That, for Malamud, is the responsibility of freedom, the "gaiety transfiguring all that dread."

Mr. Dooley's Creator

by Gerald W. Johnson

This book is frankly a work of filial piety and judged by that standard it is admirable. Philip Dunne remembers his father affectionately but humorously, candidly admitting his faults but persuaded – and pretty well persuading the reader – that they were far outweighed by his merits as a satirist and as an extraordinarily rich and lovable personality.

Mr. Dooley Remembers: The Informal Memoirs of Finley Peter Dunne
Edited by Philip Dunne
(Little, Brown; $5.95)

But the book is also social history and measuring by that standard judgment must be somewhat more astringent. In the first place Philip Dunne, like the Player Queen, doth protest too much. That Finley Peter Dunne was charming admits of no doubt; that his courage in the face of death in a cruel form was magnificent is equally true; but that he was as true to his calling as he was to his friends is open to question.

The discourses of Martin Dooley are now almost unreadable because they are couched in a dialect that has since become extinct. Dunne, junior, quotes Franklin P. Adams' explanation that this was necessary for the protection of the satirist; if Dooley had spoken plain English he could never have found a publisher. That is to say, the mantle of burlesque was the ambuscade from which he could direct his shafts with relative impunity.

It may be so; but it is possible that a satirist purchases immunity at the price of transience. Voltaire, Swift, Pope were scourged frequently, but they have lived. Dooley received applause and money, but he has to be translated today, and in translation is somewhat flat.

F. P. Dunne, after an almost unprecedented success around the turn of the century, fell silent. His own explanation was that insanity and mass murder are not things about which one can be humorous. No, but they are vulnerable to wit, which is their best antidote. In any event, the man ceased to function as a satirist and came dangerously close to degenerating into a Little Brother of the Rich. He was saved from penury by a legacy of half a million by a rich man to whom he had been a boon companion. Then at 67 he was stricken by cancer of the throat and, at the urging of his son, undertook these memoirs. They are rambling, sparkling, rich in anecdote and, as the product of a dying man, a superb demonstration of an indomitable spirit.

Unfortunately, they also reveal him as a remarkably poor judge of basic character. The disastrous essay in which he attempts to exculpate Harding and his associates is not the only instance in which he exposes his delusion that any good fellow must be essentially a good man, and anyone who attacks a good fellow – for instance, Walsh, nemesis of the Ohio Gang – is probably a low character.

In sum, the work reveals Finley Peter Dunne as a man with wit, charm, personal courage, and loyalty to his friends; but his courage was entirely personal and his loyalty was often blind. Therefore, he was essentially a lightweight, and it was his misfortune to live into a time that had urgent need of a satirist who was a heavyweight and whose courage was social as well as personal.

Notes on Contributors

William H. Honan *writes for* The New Yorker. Herbert Leibowitz *is on the English faculty at Columbia University.*

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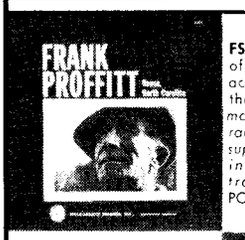

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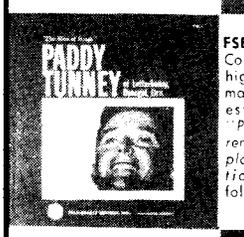

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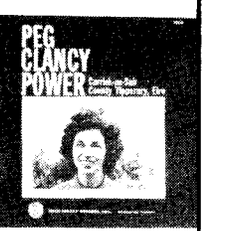

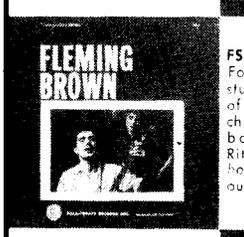

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Merchandising: The Big Store

The artist is just about the last real free enterpriser, investing his time, skills and materials he has bought in the transformation of those materials into objects for sale at whatever he can get for them. His anachronistic survival in the age of the subsidy, however, is not really as surprising as is that of his dealer; for the artist has been removed from the generality of manufacturers ever since the Renaissance, while the modern picture dealer, although he had ancestors in antiquity, only really took his rise in the 17th Century. In the 19th Century there began the rapid absorption of small shops into the inclusive department store. Small shops have survived that general absorption, but no trade has been as removed from the process as that of the art dealer. Several of the larger American department stores sell luxury or custom goods in many fields of very high quality, but this has never been true in art.

W. R. Valentiner Memorial Exhibition
through January 2
J. L. Hudson Gallery, Detroit

Quite the contrary, the department store generally has been responsible for a good deal of the steady debasement of American visual taste by having, as an adjunct to home furnishings, a supply of pictures for the home furnished by the furniture department. These pictures have been of two kinds: reproductions of masterpieces, expensively framed and complete with brass plates; and "original oils," which are indeed made by hand out of oil paint but which are the blandest of non-paintings, based remotely on themes by Renoir, Van Gogh, Utrillo and, recently, Buffett, and often provided by a mass production operation which pays the painter by the running foot and provides him with a whole string of French-sounding noms-de-palette. On a country-wide basis, this non-art is perhaps the chief beneficiary of the cultural boom that the popular press likes to tell us we are experiencing.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that a major American department store, J. L. Hudson's in Detroit, has seriously entered the art business.

The gallery is on the seventh floor of the downtown store amid the highest quality departments, from which, however, it is completely separated visually and even architecturally. Once inside the gallery, the visitor is unaware of the surrounding merchandising effort. The interior is precisely that of the best contemporary American galleries in New York: carpeting, no windows, full and flexible lighting, a foyer and a small print room in addition to a large main gallery, an office and a storeroom.

The seriousness is further attested in the director, who is Albert Landry, until quite recently director of the New York gallery of his own name. Some of his former artists are among those on view at Hudson's, notably the Belgian, Octave Landuyt, but the Detroit operation is by no means limited to them. Harry Bertoia, for one, was represented at last month's opening with a shimmering and graceful flower in metal, giant size.

The most stunning evidence of the seriousness of the enterprise, however, is the opening exhibition, which, in the view of many Detroiters should have been staged before now by the Detroit Institute of Arts. The show is a memorial to and consists of the private collection of the late W. R. Valentiner, for 20 years director of the Institute and probably more responsible than any other individual for the introduction to this country of the 20th Century group known collectively and loosely as German Expressionists. The exhibition is museum level in quality and catalogue and at once establishes the Hudson Gallery as an important force in the Midwest art scene.

The show also provides another, somewhat personal, look at German Expressionism. Dr. Valentiner, before coming to this country in the twenties, lived in Berlin and was a friend and

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advocate of many of the artists. He was also a purchaser and his collection is heavy with major pictures by most of the major painters. With so devoted a bias toward a national group, it is of special interest to see what he bought outside that group. Of historical importance and containing some beautiful drawings is a sketchbook of J.-L. David, but it seems completely removed from the passion of the collector, to belong more to Valentiner the scholar. The interest in all aspects of German Expressionism seems still at work, on the other hand, in the acquisition of paintings by Redon, Gromaire and Derain and a nude drawing by Pascin. Except for Feininger, who had a double nationality in art, the only Americans in the collection are Demuth, C. S. Price and, much more strongly, Morris Graves. As it branched out toward other national groups, then, Dr. Valentiner's passion for the Expressionists seemed more shaped by the dreamy, gentle, introspective side of that complex movement than by its violence. On the other hand, it is worth remembering that it was Valentiner who brought Diego Rivera to Detroit to paint murals at the Institute, thus inadvertently raising the curtain on the farce that still goes on over Communism in art.

The main body of the collection bears out the predilection for the dream over the violence. A Schmidt-Rottluff "Farmhouse" is one of his shining assemblages of color, immensely attractive in itself and also nostalgic for a rustic peace never really known by any of the Germans. Kirchner, who could be as violent as they come, is seen most importantly in Alpine landscape and in a moving composition of two brothers in the outdoors. Klee and Kandinsky, the most abstract of the German painters, are here abstract as ever they were, but light and playful, as tender with triangles and arcs as Otto Mueller, for instance, is with two peasant bathing-girls in marsh grass. Beckmann, who could be bloody and savage, is seen in a large "Girl with Parrot," quiet and introspective. Green and yellow "South Sea Dancers" by Nolde move in a trance, not a frenzy. The quieter side of German Expressionism is often forgotten in our memory of the movement; it is completely dominant in the

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Detroit show. Detroit has a better chance than most non-New York American towns of supporting and benefitting from the existence of a big-time gallery. In great part through the personal evangelism of Lawrence Fleischmann, Detroit has an unusually large number of live private collections, hitherto supplied almost entirely from New York or abroad. If a top-flight gallery can work anywhere beyond Manhattan, it can work in Detroit. Within that city there is no more respectable merchant than Hudson's. The combination has everything going for it and its success or failure should have important influence on the future of art merchandising in America. FRANK GETLEIN

THEATER

A Scattering of Buckshot

People are saying that this theater season is the most dismal in memory, but they say that every year, no doubt consoling themselves with the thought that the season can boast, at least, a negative distinction. I am unable to grant it even that. If things seem more quiet around this time than usual, then this is because Broadway altered its customary strategy and discharged all its big artillery at the beginning of the season – first, the solid cannon from abroad (*Luther* and *The Rehearsal*), then, the Big Berthas of the musical trade (*Jenny* and *110 in the Shade*), and, finally, the one deadly missile of "significant" drama (*Ballad of the Sad Cafe*), designed to explode into controversy at cocktail parties. When these weapons misfired, and producers were forced to regroup for another attack, we were left in the listless aftermath of battle, shell-shocked and battle-fatigued. Of the small projectiles that continued to sing around our heads, two managed to lodge in the target of commodity entertainment: Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*, a double barrel of soft grapeshot, forged in the romantic gunsmithies of James M. Barrie and Philip Barry; and Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*, a B-B pellet so light that, when I left the theater, I could remember nothing about it except the directorial marksmanship of Mike Nichols and the graceful range manners of Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick.

Arturo Ui
by Bertolt Brecht
(Lunt-Fontanne)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice
by Ugo Betti
(Cherry Lane)

The Ginger Man
by J. P. Donleavy
(Orpheum)

Telemachus Clay
by Lewis Jean Carlino
(Writers Stage Theater)

David Merrick's short-lived attempt to breach the ramparts of high culture – his production of Brecht's *Arturo Ui* – must also be mentioned, though I am embarrassed at being, for once, in substantial agreement with the daily reviewers. *Arturo Ui* is certainly among the weakest of Brecht's plays, an ideological satire on the Nazi era which is totally inadequate to its subject. By identifying the Hitler gang with Chicago "protection" hoodlums, and the Prussian Junkers with American businessmen, Brecht interprets the rise of Nazism as a uniquely economic phenomenon. But this emphasis ignores Hitler's cruelty and madness, and entirely neglects his anti-Semitism. Brecht's incorporation of scenes from Shakespeare's *Richard III* and Goethe's *Faust* is ingenious; some of the clowning is fun in the style of Chaplin's *Great Dictator*, which probably inspired it; and an episode in which a Shakespearean ham teaches Arturo all his histrionic mannerisms emphasizes the connection between cheap theater and demagogic techniques (later, Lenny Bruce is to imagine a Hitler created entirely to order by MCA). The bulk of the play, however, is literalistic, heavy, blunt; if Brecht, in his early work, could predict the brutality of the Nazis before it even entered history, he later could not face the real thing for what it actually was.

Since David Merrick has a similar difficulty with reality, nobody seemed surprised when he approached *Arturo Ui* as if he were producing another *Gypsy*. For this purpose, he selected George Tabori as adapter, Jule Styne as composer, and Tony Richardson as director, thus investing the work with a tin ear, a brass tone, and a chrome spirit. With clichés splitting over our brows, electric lights exploding in our faces, horns and percussion pounding in our ears, and scenes whizzing past our eyeballs at the speed of noise, the evening took on the aspect of a Shriner's convention, or a concitation of the backward devils, firecrackers shooting out of their behinds. Christopher Plummer, as Arturo, managed his role with a slithering force and a hangdog charm, but his performance was misconceived, modeled as it seemed to be on Tom Pedi about to lecture a housewife on the virtues of "Dash."

Off Broadway, Ugo Betti's *Corruption in the Palace of Justice* is one of those deadly earnest, pseudo-literary affairs (*The Burning* is another) which invariably evokes the praise of Howard Taubman. This should be warning enough, but in case it isn't, I will add that the play is compounded of great blasts of hot air, blown through a number of wind tunnels called characters, discoursing interminably on morality, integrity, and conscience. Given his subject – the corruption in the heart of

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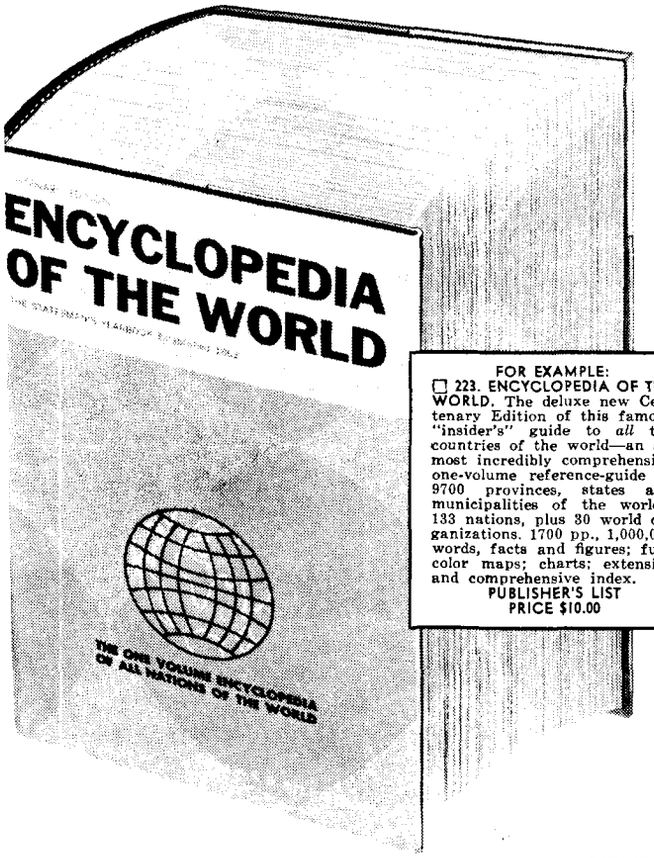

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those who mete out justice – the author might have been justifiably expected to produce some viable ideas, if not some viable drama; but the play is entirely lacking in either; it runs, like the internal combustion engine, on gas alone. Betti thus becomes the major culprit in his own detective story, and I would like to sentence him – along with the actors who are now performing the work so grotesquely – to five years hard labor; reading over the collected writings of the reviewers who praised his play.

J. P. Donleavy's stage adaptation of his novel, *The Ginger Man*, is a not very choice cut of that juicy hunk of literary roast beef, and the present production tends to dry and diminish it further. Patrick O'Neal, playing Sebastian Dangerfield, has a cool, edgy irony, and he looks disreputable enough, hugging his sheep's head and security blanket; but he is too repressed, and lacks the proper rage and lustiness. Since Leo Garen's handling of the first act shares these defects, the evening begins in boredom; but when Marian Seldes, as Miss Frost, joins the proceedings in the second, boredom gives way to interest. Miss Seldes' physical awkwardness is exactly right for this shy, retiring, pious botanist; and the long seduction scene between her and Sebastian is both riproarious and oddly affecting. For the second half of this play, and for the author's musical way with language, this production is worth a visit.

To attend a staged reading is to feel like that theater-goer in a recent New Yorker cartoon who, upon watching the curtain rise on four empty stools, says, "I don't like it already." I didn't like *Telemachus Clay* already for about fifteen minutes, during which time the author stole outrageously from *Under Milkwood*. When he began to plunder the Nighttown sequence from *Ulysses* as well, the form of the evening began to annoy me intensely: why deliberately model your play on works that were not designed for the stage? After a while, however, I stopped brooding and began to enjoy myself, for the author, Lewis Jean Carlino, has a considerable talent which even his thefts do not conceal. In following the career of an illegitimate, latter-day Telemachus, seeking, and not finding, his wandering father, Carlino enters a terrain which I think he explores as well as anyone now writing: the fantastic lunar landscape of the California mind. Deftly characterizing the playboys of the make-out Western world, drawing, in swift vignettes, the outlines of Hollywood parties, movie-making, and Venice Beach religious revivals, he manages to reflect our lunatic time with frightening authenticity. As Mr. Carlino demonstrated last season with *Cages*, he is an extremely uneven writer, but he is, on occasion, a biting and moving one. Aided by a fine director, Cyril Simon – who has coaxed superb moments out of eleven skilled performers – and abetted by the imaginative lighting of Jules Fisher, Carlino creates the only evening of American theater so far this year which begins to approach distinction.

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FILMS

Early Winter Round-Up

The Plaza Theater in New York has initiated a series of Chaplin sound films with *City Lights,* his first film with sound – but without dialogue – made in 1931 when he was both resistant to and curious about the new instrument. By the simple fact of this revival, the Plaza now has the best film available in this area and one which must be put first in any notice. Those lucky enough to live within walking, subway, taxi, train, or helicopter distance will, I hope, need no urging. Others may want to persuade a local theater to go and do likewise.

City Lights (Chaplin)
The Cardinal (Columbia)
Charade (Universal)
The Sword in the Stone (Buena Vista)

At present I want to note only one point about the film. I was struck, after an absence of a few years from it, by the size of Chaplin's Victorian theatrical heritage. Many of the ingredients – the sweet blind flower-seller, the doting grandmother, the landlord's eviction letter, the settings with their operatic archways and stairways and flower-boxes – are materials of 19th Century melodrama. Chaplin does not mock these elements; he believes in them and thus demonstrates why they were theatrically potent for a hundred years and why it is only by literary standards that the 19th Century theater is a vacuum. By bringing these elements into film and twining them around the Tramp, he has fused the old and the new with the timeless.

From the sublime to Otto Preminger. His latest branch office of the US Mint is called *The Cardinal,* adapted from the best-seller whose admiration by some communicants proved yet again how catholic the Catholic Church is. The life story of the hero, an ecclesiastical Lanny Budd, takes him from his native Boston to numerous places here and abroad. He handles such problems as an accidental "miracle" (a bleeding statue); a life-and-death decision for his unwed sister in childbirth; Boston-Irish anti-Semitism; Negro persecution in the South; the Nazi Anschluss in Austria; the love of a woman who has met him when he was in mufti. I felt that a checklist of situations had been prepared, something like the one that pilots consult before take-off; when all the possible problems had been ticked off, the script was ready for its heavenly flight.

Preminger has up to now made his commercial films with a patina of cleverness, even of art. (The first hour or so of *Exodus,* for example, was well directed.) With *The Cardinal* he abandons pretensions; all stops are unstopped. It is a gross heartstring-tugger from first to last, its pasage anointed with essentially profaned holy oil.

Tom Tryon, who is best known for his previous appearance in *Moon Pilot,* performs here as the sky pilot, with apparent obedience to direction and little personal power. Raf Vallone and Tullio Carminati, as cardinals of the Vatican, are both flavorful, although the former still has (as in *View from the Bridge*) extraordinary difficulties with English. The film's chief interest is in John Huston's portrayal of a gruff Boston cardinal. Huston was an actor in the Federal Theater and elsewhere before he became a film director. He has a good voice, a bashed mobile face, a commanding figure. These, plus a comprehension of what ought to be done rather than an outstanding ability to do it, make his performance effective.

With *Charade* the director Stanley Donen makes a bid for the comedy-mystery laurels of Hitchcock but snatches only a leaf or two from both the master's wreath and book. Cary Grant even has a rooftop fight like the one in *To Catch A Thief.* Audrey Hepburn is inescapably appealing as the American widow of a Frenchman, who is stranded in Paris in an increasingly dangerous situation; but she seems curiously false in a way peculiar to actresses of charm in inadequate vehicles. One begins to doubt that the charm arises out of the interplay of personality and environment and to feel that it can be turned on like a tap. Some of the dialogue is brisk, but the plot is ridiculous, and the down-to-earth cynical comedy of Walter Matthau, who is prominently involved, only underscores improbabilities. Besides, to get laughs out of close-ups of variously murdered victims, a certain brassy tone has to be established which this soft film carefully eschews.

As far as is permitted by time and by my aversion to the government-by-children in our society, I look for films to recommend for juvenile entertainment, particularly in holiday seasons.

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Disney's new full-length animated feature, *The Sword in the Stone*, is a huge coast-to-coast malted milk made of pasteurized Arthurian ingredients. Every element in it, pictorial and musical, is derivative of earlier and better Disney pictures, and the whole has a factory-line feeling devoid of joy. It is a juvenile money-machine as *The Cardinal* is an adult one. But this will not be a child's view. The percipience of children in these matters is only one more sentimental falsehood; they do not recognize paste. On evidence, children who are not yet worldly – say, seven or less – will enjoy this film. Parents may want to bring a book and a small flashlight. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Policing the Congo

Sirs:

An article entitled "What's Happening in the Congo?" in your issue of November 30, 1963, contains the following fantastic sentence. "The idea of an air police, the cheapest way – in time, money and casualties – of keeping order in the Congo has been turned down at UN headquarters in New York, where U Thant is said by staff officers (presumably disgruntled ones) to feel that it is more humane if a hundred people are shot from the ground than half a dozen from the air."

I am amazed at both the ignorance and the depth of cynicism displayed by this sentence. The United Nations civilian operation has not been deprived of air transport, as the author charges. That operation will be carried on in 1964 with good prospects for adequate funds. United Nations Headquarters has never heard of the "idea of an air police" and having never considered it has most emphatically not turned it down, as the author flatly states. Indeed, we do not know what is meant to be conveyed by this vague phrase. The allegation that the Secretary-General of the United

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Nations should feel it "more humane if a hundred people are shot from the ground than half a dozen from the air" would be purely fatuous were it not a casual slander of the most thoughtless and brutal kind.

I hope *The New Republic*, with its long tradition of informed comment and honest opinion, will take some measures to counteract the effect of this deplorable example of loose and irresponsible writing.

Ralph J. Bunche
Under-Secretary
The United Nations

In reply:

Dr. Bunche contests two points in my Congo report.

Available air transport for UN civilian operations in the Congo is currently almost completely reduced to whatever seats can be found on Air Congo's crowded flights. Only three UN transports are currently airworthy: all are needed by the military. If Dr. Bunche doubts that the civil operation is being seriously hampered by the fact that it is bigger than ever just as the air transport operation is smaller than ever, I refer him to Civil Operations boss Habib Ahmed.

On the second point, an air police or patrol system was a valued part of the UN Congo military operation from 1961 until earlier this year, so it is surprising that Dr. Bunche believes UN headquarters "never considered it." The jet-fighter force was manned by Indians, Swedes and Ethiopians.

The UN fighter units were the aspect of the ONUC force about which the UN was most nervous. Secrecy and euphemisms surrounded its strikes. There was, and is, a sort of UN psychosis about policing the country from the air rather than, or in addition to, the ground.

Dr. Bunche's letter fits into the pattern of permanent intra-ONUC conflict between the filing tray and the armory, and particularly between the chairborne and the airborne. The military bore the brunt of the Congo operation: this multi-national force distinguished itself by its courage, endurance and patience in a war fought under complex, often senseless rules, against an enemy bound by no rules at all. The ONUC military were frequently (perhaps inevitably) in conflict with the UN civilian brass.

Russell Howe

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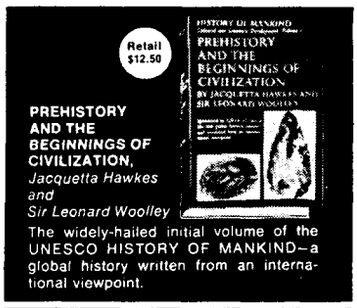

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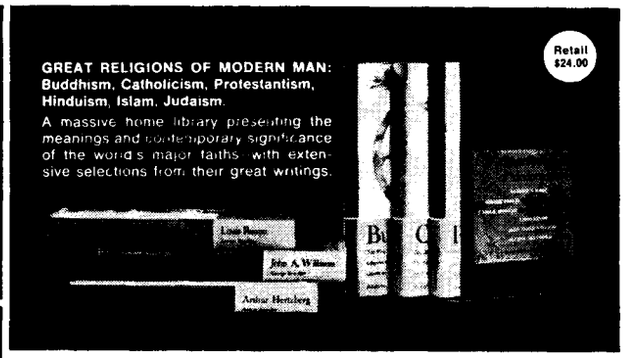

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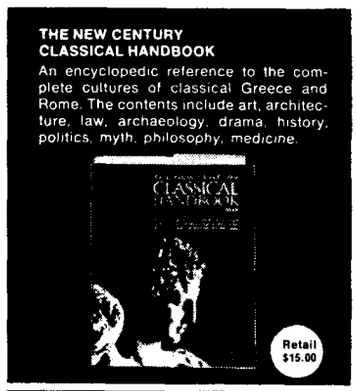

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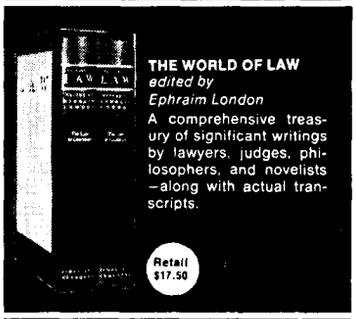

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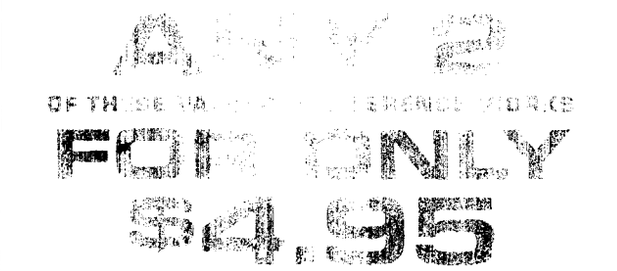

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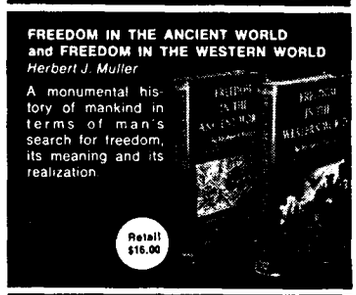

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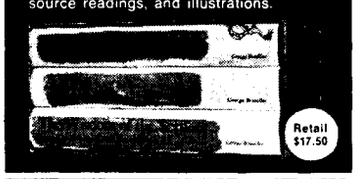

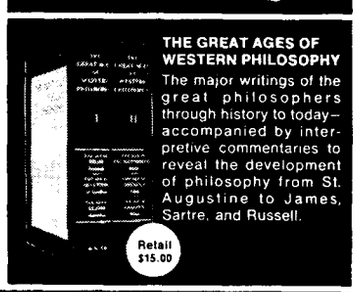

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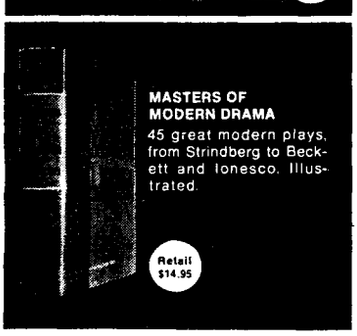

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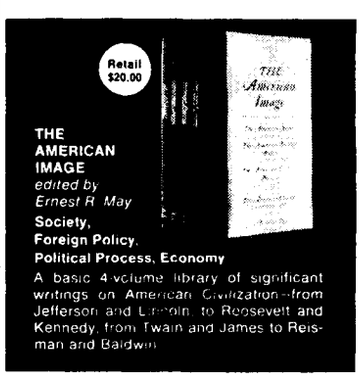

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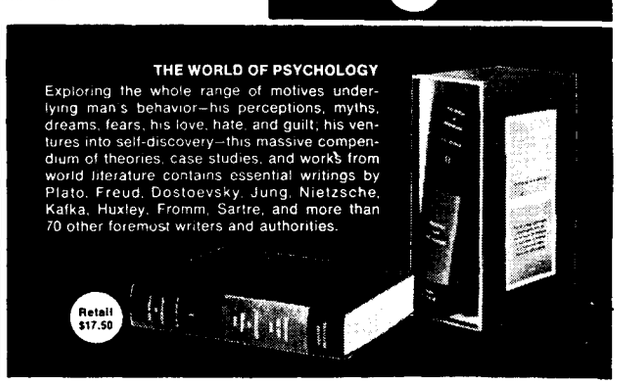

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